# HITLER'S SPRING PLANS

*What the Red Army has in store for him. Forces on the Eastern Front. By Colonel T.*

# NEW MASSES

MARCH 10, 1942 15c


## LONDON'S INDIA PROGRAM

*Claude Cockburn's cable. "What My People Can Do," by S. Chandrasekhar*

## THE CLIVEDEN CRAWL

*By Bruce Minton*

## INVISIBLE SABOTEUR

*Fatigue Menaces Production*
*By Milton D. Ellis*

## I KNEW STEFAN ZWEIG

*By O. T. Ring*


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# Between Ourselves

IT IS two weeks since NM published Bruce Minton's expose of Washington's Cliveden set and that issue is still being asked for, with the requests coming from more and more distant points from New York. It's like the old metaphor of ripples spreading when a stone is thrown into water. At first the excitement pretty much centered around New York and Washington; then as the news of the expose got further out into the country the responses began to come in from all regions. The fact that NM reaches these places later had something to do with it. However, the press also played its part, not only in spreading the news but in keeping the excitement up closer to home. Papers like the Scripps-Howard chain, the New York *Daily News,* and the Hearst press certainly had no intention of giving the NM publicity department a hand, but that's what their tirades succeeded in doing anyway. They keep protesting so hard and with such bad temper—except for some of their lady columnists who have tried to laugh it off with gay phrases about "Cliveden setters" —that people who might not have seen that copy of NM immediately want to buy a copy. Not all the press stories were angry or defensive, however. There was, for example, a forthright story in the Chicago *Sun* and other accurate reports in progressive papers. And we have had letters from our readers telling us of the reactions among people they know to both the good and bad press stories—some of our correspondents have sent us copies of the letters (never published) which they wrote to editors of papers that printed unfair, distorted, or abusive accounts of Minton's article. *PM* itself reported on March 2 that it had received sixty communications protesting Kenneth Crawford's Red-baiting story and editorial of February 23.

Many readers who already have the issue with Minton's story are sending for extra copies to give friends, and some organizations have bought bundles of copies. A New York correspondent urges us to reprint the article by the thousands.

Reading about events of the past several days in Detroit growing out of the reactionary fight to keep the Sojourner Truth housing project from the Negroes for whom it was originally intended, we imagine that many of our readers recalled Louis Emmanuel Martin's article in last week's NM on "The Curse of Racism." Martin, the editor of the Negro paper the Michigan *Chronicle,* has wired President Roosevelt that the ugly happenings in Detroit are due to the actions of "enemy aliens, native Nazis, and biased police." On the facing page is an editorial dealing with the Sojourner Truth affair and with the grave issue of racial discrimination in America and elsewhere. We invite comment from our readers on this subject, and we particularly repeat our invitation of last week to comment on Louis Emmanuel Martin's article, which takes on additional significance in the light of events that have happened since.

In a way the most complimentary comment we can receive on any article is a request to reprint. The latest to receive such a distinction is Colonel T., whose analysis of the "War Schedule in the Pacific" (NM, January 20), was reprinted in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* of February 17.

And speaking of out-of-town newspapers, a correspondent sends us as an example of what sometimes goes on down in the deep, deep South, a copy of the Savannah *Morning News* with a lengthy, thoughtful, and very favorable review of Anna Louise Strong's latest book, *The Soviets Expected It.* The reviewer is Dr. E. R. Corson.

A number of NM editors and contributors are among those who have given original manuscripts or autographed copies of their books to the auction sale to raise funds for the defense of the men and women in the notorious Oklahoma book trials. Many of the mss. and books to be auctioned are the originals or duplicates of works seized by the prosecution as "evidence" against the defendants. The list of items in the auction includes typescripts from the best known authors of America and some from foreign lands, as well as original drawings and water colors by famous artists. Joseph E. Davies has contributed the ms. of his *Mission to Moscow;* Erskine Caldwell his *All-Out on the Road to Smolensk.* Other manuscripts offered are of the works of Julian Huxley and Aldous Huxley, Sigmund Freud, Theodore Dreiser, Louis Bromfield, Hendrick Van Loon, William Saroyan, William Blake, Corliss Lamont . . . over 100 in all, besides the first-edition, autographed books of George Bernard Shaw, Edgar Snow, Pearl Buck, H. G. Wells, Ellery Queen, and many more. The artists include Hans Alexander Mueller, Waldo Pierce, Gardner Rea, William Steig, Barbara Shermund, Gluyas Williams, and Lynd Ward. The auction is under the joint auspices of the International Labor Defense and the League of American Writers. It will take place on March 8, 2 PM, at the Hotel Piccadilly, 277 West 45th St., NYC. Admission is $1.

NM's next Interpretation, Please!, the various fields of cultural interests —music, art, literature, and so on— with a panel that includes William Blake, Horace Grenell, Samuel Sillen, Meridel LeSueur, Angelo Herndon, and Bruce Minton. For further details, see page 27.

Many of our subscriptions come in twos these days—each pair accompanied by a note that is likely to read, to be held March 13, will concern "Please rush Quiz Book for Friday night—I am having a party then." It's an easy way to get a book, entertain your guests, and learn a lot, all at the same time. If you haven't heard about it already, or would like to know more, turn to the back cover of this week's NM.

## Who's Who

MILTON D. ELLIS is a West Coast architect and a specialist in defense problems. . . . Brian Fitzgerald is an outstanding Australian publicist. . . . K. F. Lester is an authority on Pacific problems. . . . Alan Benoit's reviews have appeared in NM before. . . . Morris U. Schappes taught English at City College and is now on the faculty of the School for Democracy. He is the author of *Letters from the Tombs.* . . . O. T. Ring is the pseudonym of a well known refugee writer. . . . Robert Graham has specialized in the field of juvenile delinquency.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XLII MARCH 10 NUMBER 10

# GET THE KKK

## *by the Editors*

SOJOURNER TRUTH was a great Negro woman Abolitionist. She fought not only for her own people, but for America when its very life was at stake. Now once again this America, born and nurtured and made strong in two great wars of freedom, fights for its life, fights together with many other nations against the monstrous despotism that threatens all mankind. Sojourner Truth's people, the millions of black folk who have come after her, no longer chattel slaves, but citizens of the United States, take their place in this new and greater liberation war. But do they? Are they allowed to?

What happened in Detroit over the past weekend is enough to make one sick at heart. Negro defense workers who attempted to move into the new Sojourner Truth housing project, granted them after a long struggle, were assaulted by a mob of Ku Kluxers and other hoodlums, armed with rifles, shotguns, knives, and clubs. Only a small force of police were on hand and they proceeded to arrest 250 Negroes and only four of the lynch gang. Organized labor in Detroit and both Negro and white public-spirited organizations are outraged at this exhibition of Hitlerism in the very heart of the nation's war industry; they are demanding strong measures to protect the Negro tenants and end fascist hooliganism.

This anti-Negro pogrom came as the culmination of a controversy that ought to fill every American with a sense of shame for his country. About a year ago federal housing authorities agreed to build a modest Negro defense housing project at Nevada and Fenelon Avenues in North Detroit. Real estate sharks and Ku Klux Klan elements at once began a determined campaign to prevent the project from being assigned to Negroes. They found a ready friend at court in Rep. Rudolph G. Tenerowicz, an opponent of President Roosevelt's anti-Axis foreign policy. A prolonged struggle developed, in which certain poll-tax congressmen were not loth to do their bit for "white supremacy" in Detroit. Under the reactionary cannonade Defense Housing Coordinator Charles F. Palmer, now removed as a result of the recent reorganization of the housing setup, did an about-face and instructed the Detroit Housing Commission to start taking applications from white families. The forces of decency and patriotism in Detroit roused themselves. A broad Citizens Committee was organized, the CIO and AFL entered the fight, other organizations let themselves be heard, Mayor Edward Jeffries, Jr., lent his support. The battle raged back and forth, but finally it was won.

AND then came Saturday, February 28, the happy day when 200 Negro families were to move into their new modern homes. On that day, 7,000 miles away, MacArthur's men were shedding their blood for the homes of all Americans, and those that died and those that lived and fought on were not all white men. On that day, at scores of scattered places in the South Pacific, yellow- and brown-skinned men were stopping with their bodies the bullets aimed at the heart of our own country. And on that day a murderous Ku Klux mob, using force and violence to defy the city of Detroit and the government of the United States, assaulted and terrorized black men and women who are defending America with their labor and their sacrifice.

This is more than a national scandal. This is treason. This is the fifth column in the flesh. To yield to this mob, to coddle those who inflamed them with race hatred, to deny to our black citizens the rights of free Americans, *including the right to make their full contribution to their country's war against enslavement,* is to strike at America from behind, to jeopardize its whole future. Unfortunately, this is more than a local infection. Only two days earlier Leon A. Ransom, distinguished Negro attorney and acting dean of Howard University law school, was attacked by a former deputy sheriff in the Davidson county courthouse, Nashville, Tenn. It is only a few weeks since a Negro was brutally lynched in Missouri. And despite progress that has been made, discrimination in the armed forces and in war industries feeds the underground streams of race hatred that burst so violently into the open in Detroit.

Viewing the matter from the standpoint of the narrowest self-interest, can white Americans of any class or group afford to tolerate practices that weaken the fight against the fascist enemy? The United Nations are today paying a heavy price in the Far East for the age-old mistreatment of the colored peoples, for the failure to enlist India, Burma, and Malaya as full partners in the struggle. Shall we wait until the invader is on our own shores before we permit our Negro fellow Americans to fight as equals with us?

THE outrage in Detroit calls for federal action. The government should lose no time in assuring the tenants of the Sojourner Truth project the homes to which they are entitled. And action is also called for against the Ku Klux Klan and other fifth columnists who foment race hatred and actively sabotage production in the war plants.

In last week's issue NEW MASSES published an article by a Negro editor, Louis E. Martin, of the *Michigan Chronicle,* warning of the dangers in continued discrimination against the Negro and other colored peoples. "The Japanese," he wrote, "are desperately trying to make capital out of an admittedly stupid attitude toward non-white peoples. We must not give comfort to our enemies by pursuing a policy which cannot but weaken the unity and solidarity which is demanded of us now. Our color and racial attitudes must not become our Achilles heel, now or in the future."

What happened in Detroit on February 28 makes that warning ring out to the farthest corners of the land.



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# INDIA WATCHES . . .

***What are London's plans? Meanwhile, Claude Cockburn cables, "The Japanese are halfway across Burma. . . ."***

*London (by cable), February 27.*

WITH the Japanese halfway across Burma it seems that we are rather more than halfway toward working out a new plan for India. Things moving at the pace they do, the plan may be common knowledge by the time you read this. In any case it cannot be more than a halfway plan.

The question is whether it will lead immediately to constructive action for the defense of India or not. Here is the background. According to best informed London circles there was a plan a couple of weeks ago under which the following things would happen. First, the Indian office would be merged into the Dominion Affairs office—under Clement Attlee. Secondly, representatives of the "unofficial" Indian Nationalist Movement would be given the portfolios of Defense and Finance in the Viceroy's Council. I believe that plan really was on the stocks—and a bit more than on the stocks. And we can chalk up as point number one the fact that, abominably slowly as everything moves on this side of a terribly dangerous situation, this did represent a real advance, a real breakthrough against the obstructionists here. And I have the strong impression that when Chiang Kai-shek made his historic statement at New Delhi, he was under the impression that the plan was going through.

A FEW DAYS AGO came a hitch. I do not know for certain just where it came from, although if you walk down Whitehall you will find twenty different people to give you twenty contradictory "inside" explanations. The story which seems most credible is that some of the "old India hands" at present in high places declared the whole thing to be too dangerous. That would mean, presumably, Sir John Anderson, Lord President of the Council. Also it must be recalled that L. S. Amery, still Secretary of State for India, the man who long ago declared that we must not condemn Japanese aggression because that would condemn British policy in India and Egypt, has a long and silly record to defend. So far he has attempted to defend his indefensible position by declaring that the Indians themselves must "get together" before the British government can do anything about anything.

A somewhat brighter spot in the picture is the fact that under pressure of the imminent danger from Japan, very important elements here who previously were content with Amery's futilities are content with them no longer. And you begin to hear in many quarters the expressed realization that if only the British would let the Indians have a national government of their own, the religious and other differences of which so much can be made here would on the one hand tend to disappear, and on the other would be dealt with effectively by an Indian national government. Of course there would be fifth columnism. Of course there would be persons and groups seduced and suborned by the Japanese Pan-Asiatic propaganda. Of course sections of the Moslem population would be attracted by Japan's claim to be the "new leader of Islam." But the point is that an Indian national government could deal ruthlessly with such elements. It could raise and arm forces which would be quite capable of treating such elements as they ought to be treated.

As an editorial writer in the London *New Statesman and Nation* remarks, "In the past all our efforts have been qualified by reservations which in effect enabled and even invited the minorities to put their veto on any advance. What Indians chiefly mean by independence is that we should cease to play this traditional game of divide and rule. When once we reach the point of surrendering what Marshal Chiang calls 'real political power' the Moslem minority will adjust itself to the inevitable. The feud is a painful fact, but we have made it the central reality of Indian life by our well meant efforts to separate the warring creeds. At the center, when a federal India governs herself, the views men take about tariffs, railway communications, and the technicalities of defense will not depend on whether they derive their faith in the supernatural from the Koran or the Vedic hymns. Taxes strike Hindu and Moslem much as the rain falls, on the just and the unjust impartially. The real divisions in this modern world must increasingly follow lines not of creed but of economic function."

However, there was certainly some kind of hitch in that plan which would have been a definite move in the direction of national government. As a result of the hitch a new plan had to be evolved. And according to those in London who should know and who claim that they were asked about the matter as representative of Indian opinion, the new plan was a very different pair of shoes. This plan too involved the merging of the India office in the Dominions Affairs office. In fact at the London end it seemed to be the same plan as before. But according to these sources—which are not official—the scheme for giving additional portfolios, including the portfolios of Defense and Finance to representatives of the Indian national movement, was dropped. And the Indian reaction to that was summed up in the words, "This is home rule for the Viceroy."

It was felt, that is to say, that there is no advance worth speaking of if India is created a Dominion in London while being left in the same position as before as regards the practical government of India from New Delhi. Yet it does seem that that was just the situation as it stood on the eve of Cripps' first speech to Parliament—or a few days before that. So far as can be ascertained here, all responsible progressive opinion in India either has rejected or is going to reject any such offer.

IT MUST BE SAID, however, that the agreement—assuming there really exists such an agreement—to abolish the India office and merge it into the Dominions Affairs office does represent a certain movement forward. It is hard to imagine that Cripps, who at a very



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early stage in the war was already negotiating with Nehru, is unaware of the futility of a scheme which stopped with only that. And rightly or wrongly it is generally assumed here that Cripps must have had some pretty definite conditions in mind on the subject of India when he accepted office in the War Cabinet.

In this connection it may be noted as a fact of real importance that following his entry into the War Cabinet and the success of his first speech from the government bench, Cripps has achieved a position which nobody has occupied in any British government at any time during the past ten years except for Churchill during the couple of months before the fall of the Chamberlain government. By which I mean the position of a man whose resignation would almost automatically involve the resignation and fall of the government itself. That is a fact and an important one. And it may be assumed that it will be in the tug of war around the Indian problem—on which Churchill's own views are notoriously strong and old-fashioned—that Cripps will have the first chance to exert his power in a seriously controversial issue.

Just as one example of the sort of controversy that is in progress, it is worth mentioning that the interests in India desirous of establishing there immediately an automobile engine industry have still not received any green light either from the government of India or the India office. Encouraging is the fact that despite failures and interminable delays in the past, Indian industry is still ready with plans for immediate establishment of a motor industry.

The advantages are obvious. As I have previously reported (NEW MASSES, February 17) at present there exists a tragically ridiculous situation wherein engines and chassis are exported to India by the present long and dangerous routes, and all that is done in India is to put the bodies—in some cases the armored bodies—on the machine. It is suggested, I believe correctly, that the Indian company which wants to turn out complete Indian automobiles for military use is closely linked with Chrysler. And it is further suggested that it is because of this link that certain British interests have so far successfully prevented any progress being made.

I think this is true. And right here it seems to me is an example of the possibilities for that sort of Anglo-American cooperation in the defense of India which I wrote of in my last dispatch on this subject. For if, and there is no denying it, it is desirable that India should as swiftly as possible establish an automobile industry, and if one of the important snags in the way is some rivalry between British and American automobile interests, surely it is not beyond the wit or the power of the production executives here and in Washington to get this difficulty, pattern of many, many others, ironed out quickly. And with the Japanese advancing on Rangoon, *quickly* is the operative word.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

# What My India Can Do

*In response to Claude Cockburn's recent article on "India—Giant Arsenal Ignored" (NEW MASSES, February 17), we received a number of letters from prominent Indians residing in this country. Several are printed in Readers Forum on page 21. Mr. S. Chandrasekhar, a prominent Indian journalist living in this country, sends us the following elaboration on Mr. Cockburn's cable.—The Editors.*

FOR decisive success in this war we need men, materiel, and morale. As for men there is no dearth in India; according to 1941 census figures just announced, India's population has reached 388,500,000. But the highest official figure for the Indian army is only 1,000,000. There should be no difficulty to raise an army of nearly 5,000,000, if the British government in India can be persuaded to shed their caste prejudices. We can easily raise 5,000,000 of fighting age, not only from India's farms and fields, but also from India's eighteen universities and the hundreds of affiliated colleges. For a long time Indian youth leaders have been urging military training for Indian university students. But nothing has been done apart from the sissy training of the Indian University Training corps. There should be no difficulty in raising an army now.

But mere men, inexperienced and above all ill-equipped, will be of little help against the mechanized and highly disciplined Japanese units. What then of materiel? Full equipment of arms and ammunitions, planes and guns, tanks and torpedoes will have to be rushed from the United States. India is already under the Lend-Lease Act, and there is an Indian Government Purchasing Mission here headed by one of India's distinguished statesmen, Sir Shanmukham Chetty.

But not all this materiel need come from America or the United Nations. India herself can be made to supply a considerable part of her war needs, if only the obstacles for rapid Indian industrialization could be removed. It is amazing but true that even today the old policy of hemming and hedging Indian industrialization continues. Till now Indian efforts to set up an automobile plant in Bombay with the aid of American engineers have been sabotaged. While everybody agrees that the defeats of the United Nations in the Pacific are due to lack of aerial superiority, nothing much is being done in India in this direction beyond the establishment of an airplane assembly plant in Mysore, South India.

In terms of resources India is a rich country. Her foodstuffs are enormous, if only they can be properly conserved and distributed. She produces enormous quantities of colza and cashews, groundnuts, rope, sesamum, and linseed. She grows great quantities of barley, coffee, maize, sugar, tea, tobacco, and wheat. In rice and jute she has a world monopoly. In cotton and hydro-electric potential she is second only to the United States. She has the largest livestock population of any country in the world. She has large deposits of iron ore, copper, and manganese. She has considerable quantities of tin and tungsten, zinc and mica. India is a classic example of appalling poverty in the midst of great plenty.

But what of morale? Here is the crux of the problem. There has always been a melancholy gulf between promises and performances as far as India is concerned. India's cry for political freedom and economic industrialization fell on deaf ears even in the United States, for India has been always considered as a peculiarly British problem. But today it looks as though many of our battles are going to be fought on the fields and farms of Calcutta, Madras, and Colombo.

In the recent Atlantic Charter Mr. Churchill went beyond President Roosevelt's signature and proclaimed in Manchester not long ago that the Atlantic Charter did not apply to India. We don't know what the American government did about this tactless but honest pronouncement. Even today, beyond offering a couple of fat salaried jobs to government nominees in the Imperial war councils, nothing has been done to arouse the masses and give them a cause to fight for. Can we then wonder if some Indians even today think that this is a British war and what is happening is nothing but her nemesis? Then how can there be morale?

That dogged determination to fight the Axis to the last ditch can come only if India's postwar freedom is promised, not only by the British government but with the reassurance of the United States. That will give them a cause to fight for and a spirit to fight with. As one Englishman put it recently, "The world will be amazed at what India would then do in the world anti-fascist struggle." If we may venture a guess the Indian people can become the "Russians" of the anti-Axis struggle in the East. India has been long standing at the bar of justice. It is late, but not too late. Will Anglo-American statesmanship overcome its shortsightedness and act before it is too late?

S. CHANDRASEKHAR.



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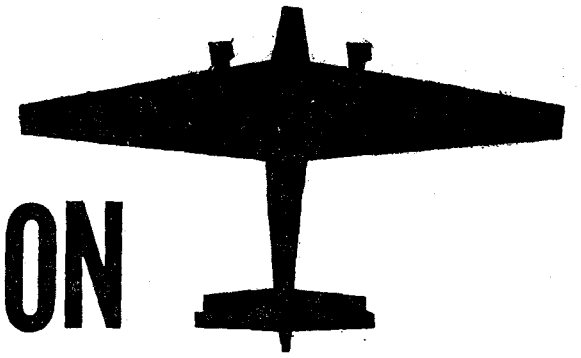
# Fatigue vs. PRODUCTION



***Yes, says Milton Ellis, run the machines 168 hours a week; turn out every possible plane, tank, gun. But beware the invisible bottleneck—fatigue of the man at the machine. The fallacy of the long working day. What America must learn from Britain and Russia.***

For several years now we in America have been reading of the wartime production measures which the nations of the world have adopted as the war engulfed them. Heroic and heart-warming accounts—of Soviet workmen doubling and quadrupling their quotas; of Polish machinists sticking grimly to their lathes under savage aerial bombardment; of Chinese collectives equipped with machinery carried hundreds of miles inland on the backs of the workers. And from the slave states of Hitler's Europe, tales of merciless speed-up, of lengthening hours at coolie wages, of increasing accidents and dwindling production rates.

Running like a red thread through all these stories has been the word *fatigue*. We hear that the patriotic fervor of British and Russian workmen has apparently outlawed fatigue, while of the Axis it is hinted that mounting exhaustion from overwork and undernourishment will lead to internal collapse. Unfortunately neither of these versions is entirely accurate. Industrial fatigue, like typhus, is no partisan. It is a stealthy enemy of all war effort; like typhus, it must be combated with scientific methods, not incantations. Just as our allies have come to realize this, so now must we.

THE MECHANISM of fatigue is not as yet fully understood. It is obviously an entirely "natural" phenomenon, part of the basic physiological cycle of fatigue and recovery in the living organism. But that, after all, is not saying much. Much more specific questions remain. Precisely how does fatigue affect industrial production? How much fatigue can workers endure this week without production's suffering next week? How does it affect the quantity and quality of their work? How can industrial fatigue be held to the minimum? What is the relation between fatigue and health?

Research into industrial fatigue has been complicated, in a sense, by one-sided investigations into its external or objective aspects. This was perhaps the natural result of research largely subsidized by the manufacturers themselves as a means of increasing production. But however important this approach may be, it is far from complete. For one of the most puzzling characteristics of fatigue



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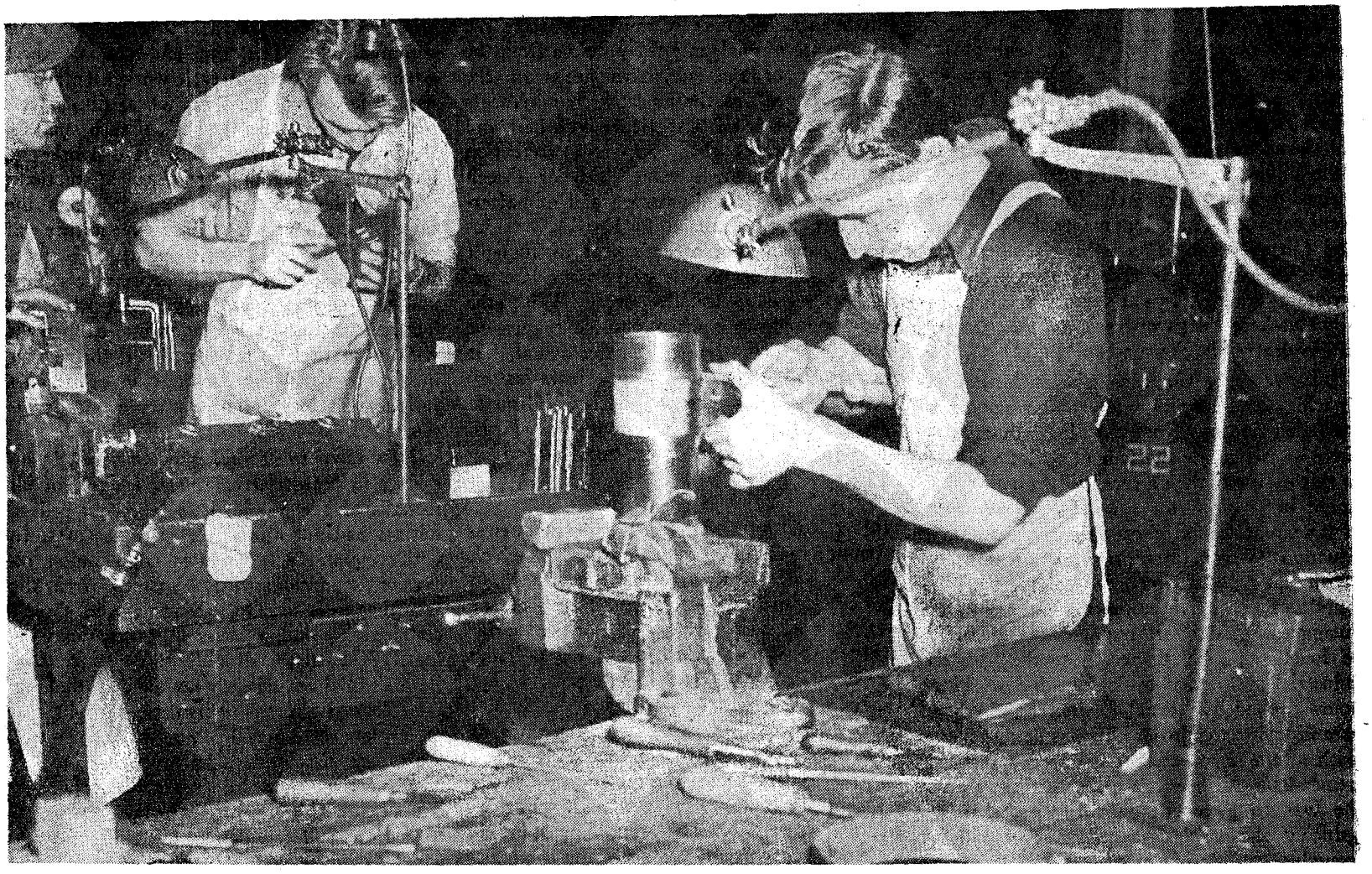

*To the thousandth of an inch: The infinite care modern machinery requires induces fatigue.*

is its duality—it is at once objective and subjective, physiological and psychological. Thus if we observe and measure it from the outside only, from the standpoint of management alone, we are ignoring the fact that the relationship between the two halves is not merely complex; it is dialectic.

Now we do not all tire at the same rate. Joe seems to thrive on work which would kill Jim. Fatigue in one industry will differ sharply from that in another, while two factories or offices doing exactly the same type of work will also vary widely as regards fatigue rates, as David B. Dill said in a recent issue of *Hygeia:* "Although an analysis of the various types of fatigue may reveal a wide divergence in details, there is one fundamentally common factor: *disturbance of the balance between wear and repair.*" (Italics mine: M. D. E.) The word *balance* is the key to the whole problem.

We all get tired when we work. The longer we work, the more tired we grow. And if overwork continues beyond a certain point, it begins to affect our health. The temporary or provisional *disturbance* between wear and repair suddenly becomes *permanent damage.* Where regular intervals of rest might have cured the first, long periods of medical or hospital treatment may be necessary to undo the latter.

In other words, it is clear that not one but many factors are involved in the problem of fatigue vs. production. In the final analysis *length* of the work week is only one of these decisive factors. It is modified by the *rate* at which the work is performed, the *character* of the work itself, the *"working conditions"* under which it takes place, the *health* of the worker and his *adaptability* to the particular type of work involved. In addition, there is the elusive but critically important element of incentive or—as we should say today—*morale.* These factors all interact: and absolute increases in production require consideration of all of them.

COMMON SENSE should tell anybody—especially anybody who works for a living—that a seventy-two-hour work week is detrimental both to the individual worker and to society as a whole. Nevertheless there is now a clamor in certain quarters for extending the work week to forty-eight, fifty-six, even sixty or seventy hours. Labor cannot help noticing that these proposals are most vehemently supported by precisely those employers who had always sought to foist the long work week on labor; nor can it be blamed for suspecting that these groups may be trying to utilize the present emergency for their own selfish advantage.

But aside from questions of motive, the basic fallacy here lies in the assumption that extending the work week and increasing production are one and the same thing. This mechanistic approach to the problem assumes that there is a fixed ratio between hours of work and units of work produced, and that both can be indefinitely extended. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The truth is, of course, that *beyond given limits, increasing the length of the work week does not result in corresponding increases in production. Indeed, over a period of time, it results in a net drop in production.* A 1940 report of the British Ministry of Labor cites an instance in which a group of men at heavy labor had their hours reduced from 66.7 to 56.5 hours: their total output rose by twenty-two percent! The same report cites a machine which turned out 240 units per day when operated on three eight-hour shifts but only 192 units per day when operated on two twelve-hour shifts. There is abundant evidence that maximum output per machine is achieved by twenty-four-hour, seven-day operation, divided into three eight-hour or (for very heavy work) four six-hour shifts.

Fatigue from overwork affects production in another important way: the quality of the product tends to deteriorate along with the quantity. Obviously, this is of great importance in modern war, with its complete dependence upon precision instruments—high-powered planes, guns, tanks, etc. English experience with the long work week indicated that a qualitative deterioration in workmanship took place—resulting in a sharp increase in "rejects," on the one hand, and in accidents, on the other. (A "reject" is a product with flaws too serious to get by the inspectors.)



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Here an interesting physiological phenomenon was observed. Toward the end of the work day, after a period of declining productivity, the workers would get a "second wind." From a mood of depression they would spiral into a sudden access of exhilaration and confidence. They worked rapidly again and (as it seemed to them) accurately. But actually they were careless. Their judgment of dimensions and timing—essential in industrial operations—was noticeably impaired. Workmanship deteriorated rapidly. In one factory accidents in a twelve-hour shift were *two and a half times as frequent* as in the ten-hour shift!

There may, of course, arise isolated instances in which the national safety hinges upon the expanded output of a particular industry. If there is an absolute shortage of skilled workers in this industry, then a seventy-two-hour week might be justified for a *limited period*. Just as it may be found wisest in a given military situation to expand military resources on a lavish scale today in order to shorten the length of the battle tomorrow—thereby reducing the total effort required—so might it be found advisable to accelerate the pace of industrial production by lengthening working hours beyond the usual limits. This is apparently what the Soviet Union is doing today. Both at the front and in the war industries tremendous sacrifices are being made to bring the war to a conclusion this year, thereby reducing the *total* cost in terms of killed, wounded, and fatigued.

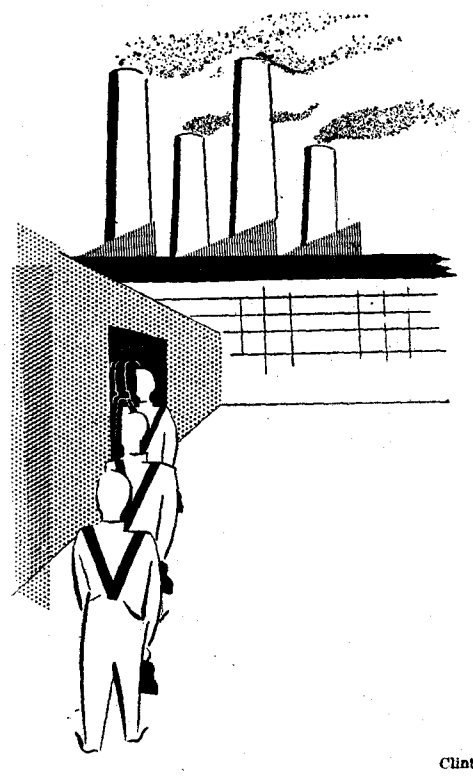
However, there is no convincing evidence that this is yet necessary in America. According to Department of Commerce figures, only fifty-three percent of our industrial output will be devoted to war production at the end of this year, while according to Sir Stafford Cripps almost 100 percent of Soviet industrial output is already going into the war. Not until every factory in America is running twenty-four hours a day, and every available man and woman among the unemployed has been retrained and put to work—only then could it be argued that a much longer work week is necessary.

THE CHARACTER of the specific job has a lot to do with fatigue. Modern serial or mass production involves careful analyzing of the process, breaking it down into its component phases, and assigning specially trained men to each phase. In other words, the manufacturing process is atomized. This often causes a similar atomization of the worker's movements and mental processes. His job may require only a portion of his muscular and mental capacities; but it requires that portion all the time, and with sometimes horrifying monotony. Such routines tend to accelerate fatigue; worse still they can actually cause psychological trauma, as Charles Chaplin showed with such bitter wit in the movie *Modern Times*.

This is of course no argument against the historic necessity of mass production, with its specialized, atomized, and repetitive jobs. Nor is it a situation which cannot be remedied by intelligence. We merely must emphasize the importance of analyzing the problem from the standpoint of the subjective needs of the worker as well as the objective requirements of the process itself. Experience both here and abroad indicates that rest and recreation periods are of great value. Ten or fifteen minute pauses in mid-morning and mid-afternoon are most common in English war industry, although another school of thought holds to shorter periods every hour. Coffee, tea, or cocoa is usually served. With the longer periods it is often possible to present short programs—music, entertainment, or patriotic talks. Naturally, such intra-factory recreation cannot take the place of adequate exercise, adequate diet and living standards, sufficient recreation and rest outside working hours.

WE ARE CONSTANTLY reading in the newspapers of some new production method which "cuts in half the time formerly required" to fabricate something—a house, a bomber, or a tank. Now such advances do not necessarily imply a speed-up in the *rate* of work. Take for example the aviation industry. A big *riveted* bomber will have as many as 450,000 rivets, each of which takes twenty seconds to drive or a total of 2,500 man-hours. However, by changing the fabricating technique to *welding* and using the new automatic multiple welders, this time can be reduced by approximately thirty percent. Or again, by changing the entire process from riveted aluminum to *molded* plywood, the man-hours per plane could be halved! None of these savings in time necessarily means that the men are working at a faster rate, even though the total output per man is increased.

It is intense rationalization within a given process that raises the danger of the "speed-up" or "stretch-out." Here the process itself is not altered; corners are cut, waste motions eliminated, men shifted, materials and tools rerouted, etc. The time-and-motion expert studies the motions of each worker (often by use of fast movie cameras whose film is run off very slowly). On the basis of such analysis, the expert can often show the worker a quicker (and easier) sequence of motions. This enables the worker to go through the same operation with less expenditure of energy. Thus if a given operation is redesigned so as to take ten percent less time and ten percent less energy, the worker can increase his output per hour by ten percent with no increase in fatigue. But if the savings in time outstrips the savings in effort, net fatigue will increase unless the work day is shortened.



Clinton

Now labor in general is not opposed to increases in industrial efficiency. Indeed, of all sections of the people, it is best equipped to initiate and put into effect such measures. In both England and America trade union resistance to rationalization springs from the fact that it is usually a wage cut in sheep's clothing. Typical is the recent experience of the SWOC in the drop forge department of Bethlehem Steel. Here a union man and his crew devised a means of increasing production of airplane cylinders by almost 100 percent. This man first secured a promise from his foreman that piece rates would not be cut. Then he and his crew went to their press and turned out 300 cylinders in one shift, as compared to the usual production quota of 160. Since this one shop produces about one-half of the cylinders in the nation, the importance of such an increase can be readily seen. However, we are told by union men that "the men in the plant find it impossible to make this a general practice because the company has refused to protect piece rates: and instead it rewards production increases with rate cuts."

However, the contribution of scientific time and motion studies to industrial efficiency is very great. They have resulted in spectacular labor savings. The British report previously cited describes one factory where "owing to the position of a table on which each finished article was placed, a girl walked twenty miles a week unnecessarily": and such savings may be multiplied a million-fold in both American and Soviet industry.

Finally, there is the simple and unadorned speed-up—most obvious and most common technique of increasing the rate of work. This employs no time-and-motion experts, nor any analysis or redesign of the process. The work is simply piled on the men and forced through. A high norm is established—usually enforced by "incentives." The "best" workers hit the pace and the others have to keep up—or else.

WHATEVER the length of the work day, or the character and rate of the work itself, the *working conditions* under which it takes place are of immense importance in industrial fatigue. This is an enormously complex problem about which we still have a great deal to learn. Conditions vary so much from one in-



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dustry to another that only broad generalizations are possible here. Adequate heating and cooling, fresh air, good light, and control of noise are not only essential in the day by day war against fatigue; they are also of cumulative significance to health.

An excess of heat or cold will accelerate fatigue out of all proportion to the amount of energy expanded in actual work. This is especially true of heavy labor under conditions of high temperatures and high humidity. Heavy sweating will result in a depletion of salt reserves and body fluids. The common practice of taking salt tablets is an only partial answer to this problem, since continual work under these conditions may lead to permanently lowered blood pressures, circulatory breakdowns, etc.

Industrial diseases caused by polluted air have already been widely publicized by notorious instances of silicosis in the mines, lead-poisoning in paint shops. Protective measures —masks, air filtering, ventilation, etc.—have been adopted in some industries; but much remains to be done. Even where no such pollution exists, a supply of fresh clean air is important to efficiency in production.

The importance of adequate lighting both to working efficiency and health needs little emphasis today, thanks to wide agitation carried on in this field over a number of years. It is likely that more nearly satisfactory minima obtain here than elsewhere, although minimal lighting levels are constantly being raised, so that where twenty-foot candles might have been considered adequate yesterday, seventy-five or 100 are considered essential today. Closely associated with lighting is the problem of providing workers with glasses, goggles, eye clinics, for detection and correction of eye troubles. Work along these lines in such industries as precision tools, optical goods, etc., is said to have been very successful.

Noise is very fatiguing. Industrial noise levels such as obtain in machine shops, mailing and business-machine rooms, etc., often approach the point of pain. This is not only contributory to fatigue; it may also damage the mechanism of the ear itself. But noise of much lower intensity than this—in fact, at levels of which the workers may be scarcely conscious—can still be a contributing factor in fatigue. Elimination of noise by use of quieter machinery, sound-absorbing walls and ceilings, can effect important increases in efficiency and reductions in fatigue.

THE GENERAL STATE of the worker's health is, of course, basic to the whole question of industrial output. In discussing wartime production, it should never be forgotten that the health of America's industrial workers is literally her most priceless resource—without which the war against Hitlerism cannot be won. Recognition of this fact must extend beyond the ranks of labor itself, beyond even its friends and sympathizers: All America must realize it. This resource is not inexhaustible. It is far easier to spend than to recover. And while overwork is one of the surest ways of frittering it away, larger and so to speak "extramural" considerations like adequate housing, diet, clothing, recreation, and proper medical care are of decisive importance.

CLOSELY ASSOCIATED with the worker's health, but not necessarily identical, is his *adaptability* to a specific job. A worker may be healthy and yet be either physically or psychically unsuited to a given job. Thus a man who is far-sighted cannot be at his best in a job involving critical or intensive near-seeing, even allowing for a correction with glasses. Many jobs involve special aptitudes based upon temperament, experience, and training—lack of which can cause the worker additional fatigue while at the same time slowing down production.

There is no question but that such factors have an important bearing on fatigue and production rates; and there is an increasing tendency in industry to take these factors into account. Many organizations now have pre-employment tests involving physical examination, aptitude and "motor coordination" tests. These are reported to have proved very effective, especially in industries like aviation where huge expansion in personnel raises great problems in selection and training. While the anti-union bias of some of these tests and questionnaires is quite apparent, the fact remains that such techniques under progressive direction can be of immense value in increasing war production.

Cutting across all the above questions of fatigue and production is that of morale. A recent English book, *Science in War,* dealing with military morale, observes:

"There are two general conditions for good morale. One is that the soldier's physical condition, food, shelter, and military supplies should be good. . . . The other is that he should know what he is fighting for, and feel confident that the direction of the fighting is in hands on which he can rely. The first condition is a basic one. It is true that, to a certain extent, psychological factors can compensate over short periods for lack of food, rest, and equipment. *But sooner or later, physiological necessities take their toll.*" (Italics mine: M. D. E.)

Change "soldier" to "worker," substitute "working conditions" for "military supplies," add "good wages and hours"—and you have the pre-conditions for good industrial morale. Certainly, American labor has amply demonstrated its wholehearted support of the war and its understanding of the steps necessary to win the battle of production. But the morale of the 300,000 auto workers who lost their jobs on February 1 cannot be expected to support itself on mere understanding—especially when the auto workers understand only too well that the direction of the change-over is still almost entirely in the hands of the men who until a few weeks ago denied the necessity for such conversion existed. In short, the morale of the industrial army—no less than the fighting army—is largely determined by support from the civilian rear, by the measures which the nation adopts to protect and encourage it.

In conclusion, it must be emphasized that there is no "neutral" solution to the problem of production vs. fatigue. To answer questions of length, rate, and character of work, or health, adaptability, and morale of worker, active and genuine cooperation between labor, management, and government is essential. In its own defense, as well as in defense of the nation, labor is correct in taking the initiative in these matters; for without its full participation, the battle of production simply will not be won.

MILTON D. ELLIS.



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# HOW HARD CAN HITLER STRIKE BACK?

***Colonel T. considers the spring offensive. What strength can the Nazis muster? Soviet perspectives. . . . It can be done in 1942, if . . . .***

THE questions that puzzle and worry many minds are: Will Hitler be able to start his spring offensive against the Red Army? Will he be successful?

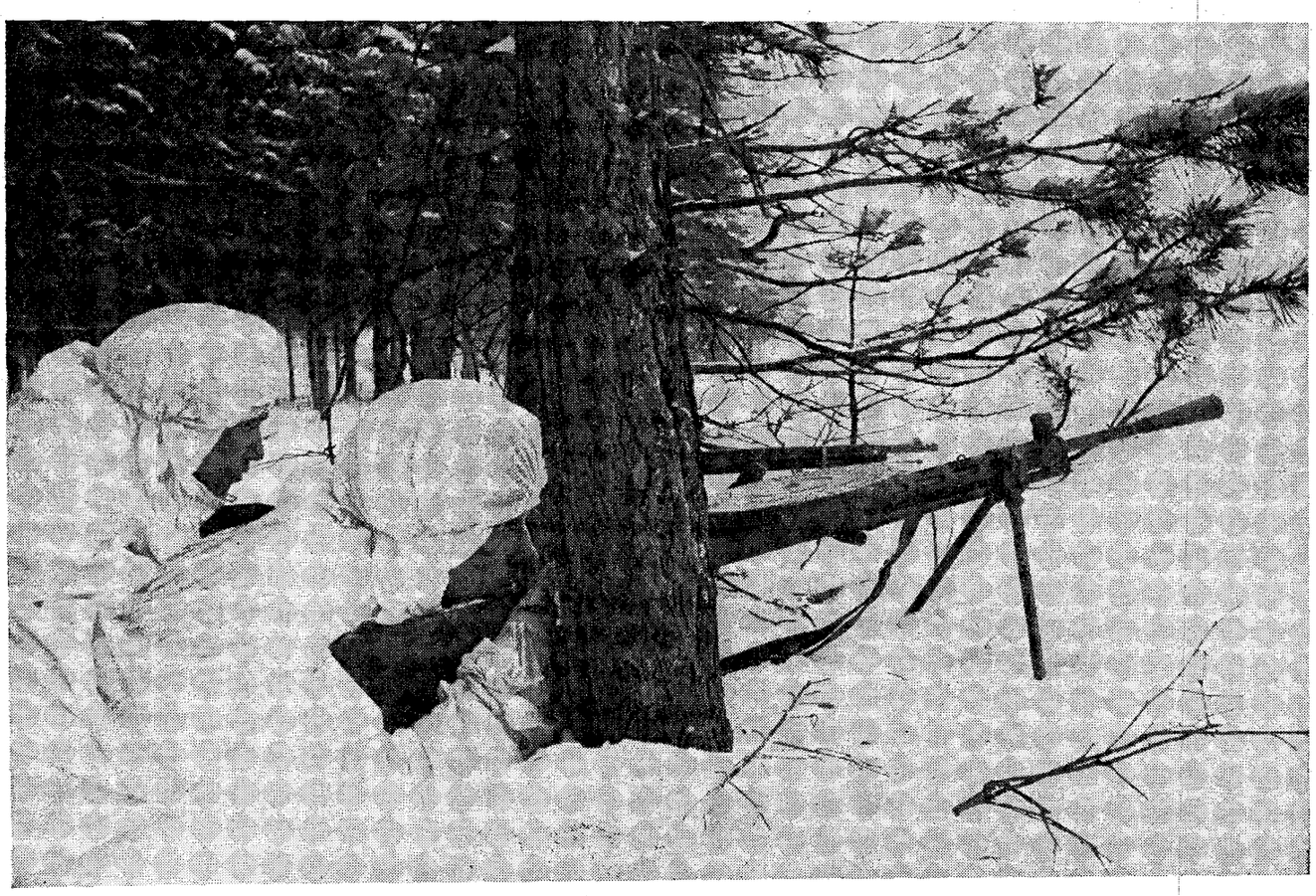
In a sense, the first question has already answered itself, because the spring fighting has already begun. As to whether Hitler will succeed—that depends not on the Red Army but on whether its Allies begin to match the Red Army by taking the offensive on the continent of Europe.

There is no doubt that the huge battle now entering its fourth month has been consuming, especially in its later stages, a good part of the reserves which the German generalissimo had been grooming for his "spring festival." One of the most important aspects of the initiative the Red Army High Command snatched from Hitler's generals at Rostov is that the hand of the German General Staff has been forced. The battles planned for May are being fought in February.

The German order of the day, dated January 15 and seized by Soviet troops on the southern front, clearly states that defensive positions and strong points around inhabited localities and railroad junctions must be held at all cost. Since then (January 15) the Red Army has broken through to a depth of almost 200 miles in the so-called Kalinin-Valdai-Dvina sector and has cracked the Ukrainian Front in the most important Dniepropetrovsk direction to a depth of over seventy miles (Lozovaya, Krasnograd, etc.). Thus it is clear that Hitler's troops have not been able to carry out his "order of the day."

The order also declares that reserves are speeding to the Eastern Front from France, Germany, and other European countries. These reserves have already arrived, but many of them will never return. They have been drawn into the snowdrifts of February, though they were prepared for a green-grass offensive in May.

The Red Army set the "strategic clock" back some 2,000 hours. In the first world war the Germans were suffering average casualties at the rate of about 165 men per hour. The Armageddon in the East can be compared in bloodshed only to the Verdun period when the Germans suffered four times that many. In addition, it must be remembered that in this Soviet winter counter-offensive the Germans have the disadvantage of having lost their mobility while the Red Army has retained and even increased its own, comparatively speaking. This means that the Germans are suffering even greater casualties than at Verdun. It is therefore quite safe to assume that in



*Russian machine-gunners making it hot for Hitler*



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those fateful 2,000 hours between February 1 and May 1 the Germans will lose up to 1,000,000 men. One million subtracted from the strategic reserves of the German High Command is a factor which may decide the very issue of the war.

It may also be assumed that the Germans have already mustered some fourteen or fifteen million men, including their various allies and satellites. They have lost not far from half of that number in various types of casualties (of which probably 2,000,000 have been returned to the ranks). So they will certainly not be able to dispose of more than 10,000,000 men. Of these the 2,000,000 wounded and patched up men will not be the same again. A good portion of the balance will be second-rate human material as far as age, health, and morale is concerned. While it is difficult to evaluate such imponderables in terms of figures and percentages, it may be safely said that if in June 1941 the Germans crashed into the Red Army with an over-all numerical superiority of 2:1, in May 1942 they will not do better than achieve parity in numbers.

Another, and very important thing to be considered is this: the German Army was losing men as it advanced and is losing them as it retreats. The Red Army, too, has suffered losses, but aside from reserves in training, is acquiring first c s trained fighters in the innumerable guerrilla detachments wh n join it as it advances. Soviet soil absorbs German soldiers, but yields Soviet fighters. This is no poetic phrase. It is a military fact.

AS FAR as materiel is concerned, it would be idle to try and figure out German and Soviet production. We do not know the figures and there is no way of guessing them.

But we know several things. One—the German productive forces were already at fever pitch in the summer of 1941 and Goering has a tough job to step them up. Two—Soviet production has been stepped up about forty percent over-all since the summer of 1941. Three—the Germans have lost twice as many tanks and planes as the Russians in the first six months of the war, and about one and a half as many guns. Four—a great number of German machines have been repaired and are being used by the Red Army, which has displayed great ingenuity in adapting German materiel to its own needs. For instance, the Red Army uses German trench mortars, which have a caliber slightly superior to the Soviet mortar, by putting soft metal jackets on its own mortar shells. So we see that by spring the Germans will definitely not have the 3:1 superiority in tanks and planes they had in June 1941.

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the war production of the whole of Europe, which Hitler has at his disposal, is still superior to Soviet production. Thus the Red Army may again be seriously handicapped unless its materiel is supplemented by large shipments from the United States and Britain.

The German offensive will not start from a standstill. It will have to be a reversal of the retreat. This will be much more difficult to perform than the Soviet reversal of early December 1941 because the Red Army had a clear and determined rear, while in the German rear the guerrilla warfare will be flaring up stronger and stronger with the approach of both spring and the Red Army itself. Thus, the German Army may never be able to acquire the momentum it acquired in the initial impact of June 22, 1941.

And, finally, the factor of morale must be taken into consideration. On June 22, 1941, the German Army burst forth with the feeling that it had practically licked the world. The Red Army was going out to face reputedly the strongest military machine in the world. But, in the spring of 1942, the German Army will have known a long dismal campaign of defeat, while the Red Army will be conscious of having set back on its heels the most terrible opponent it could possibly encounter.

Gardner Rea

*"Have you heard the Fuehrer's new winter line?"*

YET IT would be foolhardy to exaggerate the favorable factors and to assume that the Red Army without outside aid will automatically destroy the invader. Let us not overlook the elaborate preparations being made by the Nazis to deliver together with the Japanese a knockout blow in 1942—preparations that are based on the calculation that in Britain and the United States the disposition seems to be to wait till 1943 for an offensive against the Axis. Stalin's sober estimate of the situation leaves no room for complacence. In his "Order of the Day," on February 24, he declared that "the enemy is suffering defeats, but he has not yet been routed, and is far from destroyed. The enemy is still strong. He will exert the last remnants of his strength to win." And that is why, if the war is to be won in 1942, and the German Army disintegrated, with all that would mean toward stalemating and ultimately setting Japan back on its heels, it will be essential for the United States and Britain, first, to fulfill their quotas of war materials promised to the Soviet Union, and second, to open a second front on the continent. Every tank and plane sent across now will lop off a day or a week of the minimum time necessary to defeat Hitler. And every tank and plane delayed is likely to make the war longer, and inevitably more difficult and costly for the soldiers of the United Nations.

COLONEL T.



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# THE CLIVEDEN CRAWL

***Mrs. Evalyn McLean behaved, Bruce Minton points out, pretty much as Lady Astor did when she got the spotlight. The hysterical denials. Mrs. "Cissie" Patterson's doubletalk.***

*Washington.*

THE Washington Cliveden set has not taken the attacks leveled against it lying down—not quite. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, I see by the papers, rushed down to the District Attorney and demanded that he throw this correspondent into the nearest jail. The request was denied. Mrs. McLean thereupon stated to all who cared to quote her that: (1) She would fight this correspondent to her last diamond; (2) if the NEW MASSES story about the Cliveden Set were true, she, Mrs. McLean ought to be in jail herself; and (3) your correspondent was a "willful and malicious liar."

Mrs. McLean's language is dangerously unguarded. Even so perhaps it is ungallant to reply with more than a gentle: "Now, now, Mrs. McLean." The good lady, for all her uncontrolled tongue, has not seen fit to enter more than the most general—and most hysterical—denial of the charges made in the NEW MASSES article. She has yet to challenge the very ugly facts that at her house in Georgetown, the new "Friendship," gather the most notorious of the appeasers; that the Axis representative, Finnish Minister Hjalmar Procope, is given the opportunity to meet on the most intimate terms high-placed officials from the State Department, important anti-administration leaders in Congress such as Senators Wheeler and Nye, Representatives Dies and Fish. And from the "Friendship" drawing rooms these bitter haters of Roosevelt and of the war against fascism scurry to salons and private parties where they spread their rumors and at the very least do not encourage the prosecution of the war.

MRS. MCLEAN'S anger is highly reminiscent of similar splutterings from Lady Astor, when her original Cliveden set was exposed by Claude Cockburn. Lady Astor was indignant, even tearful. Besides, she protested, she entertained many public figures who were in no way sympathetic with appeasement. Mrs. McLean says the same thing. A brief examination of the NEW MASSES article would reveal the following sentences: "To the largest of the McLean parties are invited other prominent people, of far different—often liberal—outlook. But these more occasional guests are not part of the inner circle; they serve as a decorative front. . . ."

Mrs. McLean, like Lady Astor before her, has been able to rope in the innocents along with the guilty. That is one way to spread the poison. As Bernard Shaw pointed out some months ago, the innocents who are not convinced serve to confuse—and to keep up the necessary tone. In no way do they change the true character of the meetings at Cliveden—and their presence doesn't decontaminate Mrs. McLean's "Friendship."

Despite all anger, Mr. Procope, it seems, has become a distinguished hot potato. Indeed this official representative of a government whose head called the Nazis "our comrades in arms," must be somewhat abashed that none of his erstwhile friends, many of whom consumed reindeer steaks and tossed off large quantities of schnapps at his home, has seen fit in this crisis to rise up to call him "buddy." In fact, throughout all this uproar over the Washington Clivedeners, Mr. Procope's name has been conspicuous by its absence—except in the column of Evelyn Peyton Gordon, society editor for the Washington *Daily News*. The lady reported that she told the Finnish minister that he had been mentioned in NEW MASSES. "Mr. Procope is quite a diplomat. He smiled. 'Well,' quoth he, 'the only time I ever met Lord Halifax—His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador—was at a dinner given by Mrs. McLean in his honor a few months ago.' That's all Procope said. Lord Halifax was a guest of honor. The Finnish Minister ranked second."

Frankly I'm puzzled. Mr. Procope's answer seems odd, inasmuch as the NEW MASSES article did not mention Lord Halifax. Certainly Lord Halifax exhibited bad taste, to say the least, in meeting the Finnish Miister socially when Finland was at war with Great Britain's ally, the Soviet Union.

But to pass on from Mr. Procope, there has been a rash of irresponsible newspaper stories about me, NEW MASSES, and the dear old Clivedeners. The most ridiculous—a new high in yellow journalism—was an editorial in Eleanor (Cissie) Patterson's Washington *Times-Herald*. With elaborate doubletalk, Mrs. Patterson went so far as to hint that President Roosevelt wrote the NEW MASSES article. "We can't help wondering," the editorial said darkly, "whose pride of authorship is involved." There is an old American saying—or is it a song—which goes: "Who's looney now?"

The *Times-Herald*, having slanderously impugned the President, passed on to a stirring defense of the appeasers. The editorial takes issue with the President's remarks that anti-Russian appeasers are damaging the war effort. The editorial nominated its own set of villains—what it calls the "Yellow Potomac Set," consisting of "peep-shriek columnists, politicians, and professional internationalists whose interests have always lain with any other country before their own." Or, to translate, with anyone who supports the strategy of global war and of complete cooperation among the United Nations. General MacArthur's handsome tribute to the Red Army must have come as quite a blow to the *Times-Herald*, which wound up its anti-administration editorial with the accusation that the Roosevelt government was deliberately deserting General MacArthur on the Bataan Peninsula in order to keep the Republicans from running him for President in 1944. This is a new high in impudence—unless one recalls Hamilton's attacks on Thomas Jefferson, and the Copperhead libels against Abraham Lincoln.

Most of the other newspaper attacks on NEW MASSES are hardly worth mentioning, although they keep the pot boiling here in the capital. Several columnists rushed into print with passionate love songs to Mrs. McLean. Particularly, Kenneth Crawford, head of the newspaper *PM*'s Washington bureau, took offense at NEW MASSES. Usually Mr. Crawford confines his most virulent weekly Red-baiting to his column in the *New Republic*, signed with the initials "T.R.B." But this time, he also opened up under his own name in *PM*—and instead of limiting himself to NEW MASSES, he blasted the whole left wing press. Mr. Crawford stated that President Roosevelt "indicated that he had her [Alice Roosevelt Longworth's] salon in mind." Unlike Mr. Crawford, I cannot presume to read the President's thoughts. I might mention, however, that Mr. Crawford neglected to tell his readers that the NEW MASSES article included a rather more complete account of Mrs. Longworth's salon than he saw fit to print. There can be no quarrel with Mr. Crawford over Mrs. Longworth—her salon is certainly open to the most violent administration oppositionists. But it seems extremely odd to me that Mr. Crawford should call the NEW MASSES attack on the Cliveden set a "Communist smear." Mrs. McLean and her friends must be gratified to find Crawford rallying to their defense—and echoing their sentiments by calling for the suppression of NEW MASSES and the *Daily Worker*, which carried Adam Lapin's excellent articles on the Cliveden set. This is surprising stuff to find in *PM*.

In spite of Mr. Crawford's defense of Mrs. McLean, the Hope Diamond, and all those who frequent "Friendship," Washington's Clivedeners are for the moment lying low. Headlines aren't healthy for the anti-unity boys. Local wits are betting two to one that it will be a long time before any prominent government official again has his picture taken with one arm draped fondly over Mr. Procope's shoulder. The appeasers may be sore at me—but they are also running like hell for cover.

BRUCE MINTON.



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# PRINCESS ALICE'S STRANGE COURT

ONCE upon a time there was a princess. She lived in a big white house in the capital of a vast country and her father was famous throughout the world. The princess herself had been endowed with a charm and daring that was the talk of continents. Composers in other lands wrote songs in her honor, and foreign potentates bestowed upon her the jeweled tokens of their admiration. When her coming wedding to Prince Charming was heralded, the gifts rushed in from every nook of the globe, some of them fabulous, some humble, and not a few of the most glittering attended by the plain hope that the donor would be remembered in father's political reflections. No matter what their use or purpose the princess accepted them all—for one of the many pretty legends concerning her was that when it came to gifts she would take anything but a red-hot stove. Princess Alice (for that was her name) was married in the big white house and her splendor nearly eclipsed her consort, although he was exceedingly well favored in looks and descended from a royal breed that once paid the next-to-highest income taxes in the country. After a honeymoon that began at a nearby estate called Friendship, and turned into a triumphal tour of Europe, the couple returned to their native land with the intention of living happily ever after.

But, alas for the princess, the kingdom in which she lived was not really a kingdom at all but a democracy. It had ever been difficult for her trusting, innocent mind to grasp this harsh truth, which was thrust upon her with the ascendancy of another family to the white house she had occupied for nearly eight years. The princess did not conceal her displeasure. She complained about the way the First Lady was running the place and loudly derided her for the gaucherie of offering to send the former prince and princess tickets to admit them back into court for the inaugural ceremonies. The truth is, perhaps, that Alice was a wee bit spoiled—naturally enough, considering not only the presents and adulation but her own tested power. When ill she had only to issue a command to compel a Washington debutante to forego her own coming-out party in order to keep Alice company. She had immediately recognized the divine right of a Roosevelt to be President when father got only second place on the McKinley ticket, ("It offended my family sense of fitness," her memoirs explain), and forthwith had concentrated on the possibility of something happening to Mr. McKinley, whose assassination gave her a "sense of fulfillment." Besides, as her memoirs also make plain, *all* the Oyster Bay Roosevelts, with the exception of Franklin, have the fascinating qualities of people born to rule. And, democracy notwithstanding, Alice would continue to rule—she would establish her own court.

Here the fairytale ends. Alice Longworth's court was a salon, more vulgarly described in plainer Washington circles as a "social lobby," and there was nothing fairylike about the atmosphere. The little princess turned out to have an amazing vocabulary which featured such phrases as "turn on the heat," "get out the vote," and "pulling wires." She could go through motions that must have caused her consort, Nick Longworth, trained in Ohio politics, to stare with admiration. Not that she lost in glamour thereby. She had only exchanged her wide sashes and white *point d'esprit* for modern drawing room costume, put off her princess charm for the aura of a Madame de Stael. Alice was Washington's mystery woman—nobody knew "how she *did* it"—who was supposed to have decided Senate votes on foreign affairs, tamed the rugged Borah, and virtually changed the course of congressional debate by sitting in the gallery and lifting or lowering her lorgnette. Besides, Alice was a wit, a scream—did you hear what she said about Hoover, about Coolidge?

She said that Hoover's face looked like a baby's bottom and Coolidge had been weaned on a pickle. At least her friends said she said so. Mrs. Longworth herself made no public statements. She granted no interviews. Her earthy political vocabulary did not go the rounds but her wisecracks did. When a heretical newspaper correspondent reported in a rather obscure magazine that Alice got her epigrams from her dentist who first got them from another patient, Mrs. William E. Borah, it simply wasn't believed. In a sense Alice was still princess, with thousands of subjects who would defend to the death any royalty who offered the diversion of wit and rebellion in the days of sourpuss Coolidge and Hoover. Her rebellions were sensational: she wouldn't give teas for other congressional wives. When Mrs. Coolidge received them at the White House and Alice, as wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, had to be received first, she held up the line of 400-odd women by arriving a half hour late. And when she remarked, loudly enough for the hostess to hear, "Now we must be bored over sandwiches and tea," the other guests were not too embarrassed to thrill to the thought that they could report, first-hand, another Alice Longworth Said.

IN ADDITION to all this, she was a Progressive. Well, anyway, she was Teddy Roosevelt's daughter and a friend of Borah's and she hated stuffed shirts, didn't she? Besides, in those days even Jack Garner could look liberal sometimes because he opposed Hoover. Of course Nick Longworth had to carry out the Hoover policies but the Longworth friends let it be known



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that he secretly regarded Herbie as a dope. There were people who wondered whether Alice's Carrie Nation attack on the League and the World Court was in the best tradition of progressivism; however, it was pointed out that Borah, as well as the senior La Follette, was in that too. Not until Alice's autobiography was published in 1933 did the world learn her whole reason for hating the League. It was, quite simply, that Wilson was trying to drag America into European affairs, which "did not concern us in the least," instead of putting America First. The jingoist, bellyaching Hiram Johnson, who was probably the only "bore" in her salon of that day ("Alice can't *stand* bores") was most likely closer to her politically than any other isolationist. Maybe it's only just punishment that now for the cause of appeasement she has to put up with the braying of Martin Dies and Ham Fish. Or perhaps she likes it. Perhaps, indeed, she always did. After all, it doesn't sound *very* different from Alice's writings in the *Ladies Home Journal* during 1934 and '35.

But before the writings came the autobiography, and before that the New Deal. A Roosevelt had finally returned to the palace, but the princess was not pleased. She had said, it was reported, that Franklin was ninety percent Eleanor and ten percent mush. She wasn't at all sure whether she would let little Paulina go to Sistie and Buzzie's White House party. There were various reasons for her disapproval of Cousin Franklin, but perhaps none so strong as that he was a Spender —he spent the taxpayers' money for social purposes. That reason didn't come out at first, though. Washington pretty much assumed that Alice just considered Franklin another usurper and a bore, and it was hoped that the family feud would provide some priceless Longworth sallies. They were rather needed, in fact, to repair Alice's reputation which had been slightly damaged by her last public appearance, in the Dolly Gann affair. To pick on poor chubby, blushing Dolly in order to assert her own prior position at a dinner table—was that worthy of an Alice? True, she put on the more entertaining, sophisticated show of the two; but her admirers couldn't help feeling that the princess had done no more than prove that she, like Proust's Duchesse de Guermantes, cared nothing at all about her position so long as it was recognized. Franklin and Eleanor would be really big game. But maybe they were too big—at any rate, Alice only sulked a little in her salon and published her memoirs.

When they appeared, there was less excitement than you might have expected. For one thing, two other Roosevelts were setting the nation a-dither; and then, the memoirs didn't seem to tell all. Or did they? Was it possible that the princess who could create a sensation by eating asparagus tips with her gloves on; from whose mouth issued pearls when she spoke; whose appearance in a Senate gallery distracted attention from debate —was it possible that this was all she had to say? "I wore yellow satin, with brilliants on the waist and on a panel down the front." Or white and silver brocade; or gold gauze with a white satin top; or an Oriental fancy-dress. Newport and Bar Harbor and Washington and New York. Sometimes she feels like royalty, sometimes "every inch the Colonel's daughter." Everybody loves Alice. In the Orient they fete her, in the Deep South the Negroes sing for her and she is introduced by her hosts to the night-riding sport of setting canefields afire. *Crowded Hours* is the title of these memoirs, which include some happy recollections of the "big shows" of political history, full of the thrill of campaign dickers and deals. She has a sentence or two about economic upheavals: "It is ridiculous how little I recollect of the 1907 panic. Possibly because it did not affect me personally." And some very grave, grownup warnings about what will happen to your dollar if "certain groups" are allowed to get at the US Treasury.

That's about all. However, in the 1934-35 *Ladies Home Journal* articles Alice really "gave." They are straight Longworth and I recommend them to anyone who finds it hard to believe that she *really* associates with Dies and Fish. Her writing deals almost exclusively with a monster called Orgy of Spending—or The Truth About the New Deal—and there's hardly a phrase you haven't heard before from Alf Landon and Herb Hoover. Except that Hoover would have been too dignified to embrace Father Coughlin. The "eloquent and persuasive priest" gets a surprising number of plugs from Alice, who discerns in him a "sincere desire to help his fellowman," and gives him a tip about how to simplify his campaign. Going on record with a presidential choice, the great salon progressive declares for a Virginia gentleman, either Glass or Byrd, who can be trusted not to pick a lady's pocketbook for taxes to coddle the poor. But in 1940 Alice changed her mind—she was always charmingly unpredictable—when Bob Taft bid for the Republican candidacy. Never mind her peeve with the Tafts; Bob was a good boy, as righteous as Hoover and cautious as Coolidge. The unemployed of Ohio had once burned him in effigy for his aversion to relief. He was no "idealist" in foreign affairs either—the Taft-Longworth way of life in Cleveland would not be disturbed, if Bob could help it, by the troubles of furriners.

Mrs. Longworth broke into print again with a eulogy of young Taft's pickled qualities that "astonished" some Washington correspondents, who apparently hadn't kept up on Alice's New Deal Wonderland of "industrial stagnation" and "totalitarianism." But why the surprise? Hadn't she chummed for years with Ruth Hanna McCormick, who combined the strictly practical politics of Papa Hanna with those of her husband's family, meaning the Chicago *Tribune?* From Hanna McCormick to Taft can hardly be called a descent. However, the Alice legend had been strong enough to survive Ruth; it was strong enough, even, to survive in part at least her open alliance with all the stuffed shirts of 1940. Maybe—who knew?—she was just doing it as a gag, her old trick of shocking the public—

But that brings us back to fairytales, and we haven't time. Anyway, there's no more heroine. The princess is now fifty-eight years old, the mystery woman has been revealed. All we have is a "parasite" who takes up precious living space in Washington to stimulate the intrigues of appeasers who would risk their country for the privilege of hating democracy and all democrats. Bruce Minton, in his article from Washington on the Cliveden set (NEW MASSES, February 24) put his finger on Alice's salon stars: William R. Castle, formerly a co-worker with Mrs. Longworth on the America First Committee; Wheeler, Dies, Fish, John L. Lewis. And the hostess also has connections abroad, through the de Chambrun family —Clara Longworth, Nick's sister, married Gen. Adelbert de Chambrun whose son, Rene, appeared in Washington with Vichy's Ambassador Henri-Haye but returned to France when capital society remained cold to his charm. This is the sort of people with which Teddy Roosevelt's daughter surrounds herself these days—the defeatists, the whisperers, the bilious, whose only hope is the goose stepping force of a dictator. The Alice legend was always a good ninety percent myth; now it has turned into one of the sourest tales of our time. But wait—there is still one story from the princess days, that Alice liked to rip the wings off butterflies. That at least might be preserved from the legend; it may, indeed, be the real story of Alice.

BARBARA GILES.



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# REPORT FROM AUSTRALIA

***"Japan is now at our doorstep," writes Brian Fitzpatrick, a leading publicist of that continent. What's happening in a key area of the Pacific battlefront.***

*Melbourne (by mail).*

EARLY 1942 finds the Commonwealth of Australia a factor of real importance in Pacific strategy, the actual and potential base of major operations, and the only source of supply, in the Pacific Ocean zone, of munitions of war. It is a striking fact that south of the Equator there is no large development of heavy industry except in Australia. No blast furnaces, no iron, coal, lead, copper, aluminum are available elsewhere on a scale commensurate with the needs for quick replacement.

For the first time Australia itself is faced with war at its own door. And what with the new Labor Government (which took over last October) there has appeared in the Commonwealth for the first time something like "national unity," a disposition toward a concerted national war effort. There is, at last, a prospect of the effective organization of Australia's people and resources.

Hindrances which formerly stood in the path have been swept away by events both at home and abroad. I mention these before going on to consider the implications of what John Curtin, Australia's Prime Minister, described last December 28 as "a US-Australia military alliance made necessary by geographical considerations."

Late in September 1941 we in Australia were "looking apprehensively" toward Japan and looking for reassurance toward the United States. We had a ramshackle conservative government, made up of the broken pieces of the Menzies regime which had been in power since 1939. The tory governments had sent Australian warships, troops, airmen, overseas to European theaters of war, besides a division to Malaya, and they had called up for military training a large proportion of single men between eighteen and thirty-five years. These governments had done something toward putting the industrial production in order for war purposes.

But they had done most everything with one eye on the British and the other on Big Business. And, since Australian Big Business is mostly a branch of British Big Business, there was not much of a Pacific orientation in all this, much more of a European orientation. And at home there was much regard for profits, and little regard for men. Moguls of Big Business became directors of the public organization of war industry, while remaining directors of the big companies that were getting government contracts. That would not have meant a great deal had it not been for two things. One was the persistent refusal of the government to make the big companies pay their share of the war cost by foregoing profits; the other was the persistent inability or disinclination of the government to understand, or do anything about, the legitimate grievances of the workers in the hastily organized war industries.

Then, at the beginning of October 1941, the Australian Labor Party was able to turn the old government out. Menzies had commanded a slender "majority," in the form of one radical Country Party man called Wilson. Together with another independent, Wilson joined with the Labor Opposition to denounce the government's budget. Curtin took office with a Labor team two months before war flared in the Pacific.

The outstanding man in his government is the Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs, Dr. H. V. Evatt, who had resigned a seat on the High Court of Australia a year before to contest a seat for Labor. Another is the Minister for Supply, Jack Beasley, who had been the best informed and most relentless critic in the opposition on matters of the war organization of industry. A third is E. J. Ward, Minister for Labor and National Service, long the big man of the socialist left wing of the so-unsocialist Australian Labor Parliamentary Party. In a few months these people have done a good deal to pull things round.

The first thing to be done was to make it clear that the Labor Government wasn't satisfied, as the succession of conservative governments had been, to tag almost at Whitehall's skirts. For example, weeks before, the Australian government had urged Whitehall to declare war on the Finns, Rumanians, and Hungarians, who had been assaulting our Russian allies for many months. When the Whitehall people stayed mum, Evatt broadcast a speech in which he said that Australia failed to understand such silence and inaction. So that when things finally happened in London, many Australians were proud of their country's part.

A final item to indicate the general trend in Australian foreign policy is furnished by the difference between the Labor Government's attitude toward the war declaration on Japan, and that of Mr. Menzies. Back in September 1939 the then-Prime Minister had merely inserted a notice in the Government Gazette to the effect that Britain was now at war with Germany, and so were we. But Dr. H. V. Evatt, a lawyer of international repute, followed something of Canada's example, and established a precedent for independent Australian action. He convened Parliament (which Menzies had declined to do two years earlier), and it was therefore by a *parliamentary vote* that Australia declared war on Japan.

*They're ready: the Fourteenth Battalion of the Australian militia marching to meet the invader.*



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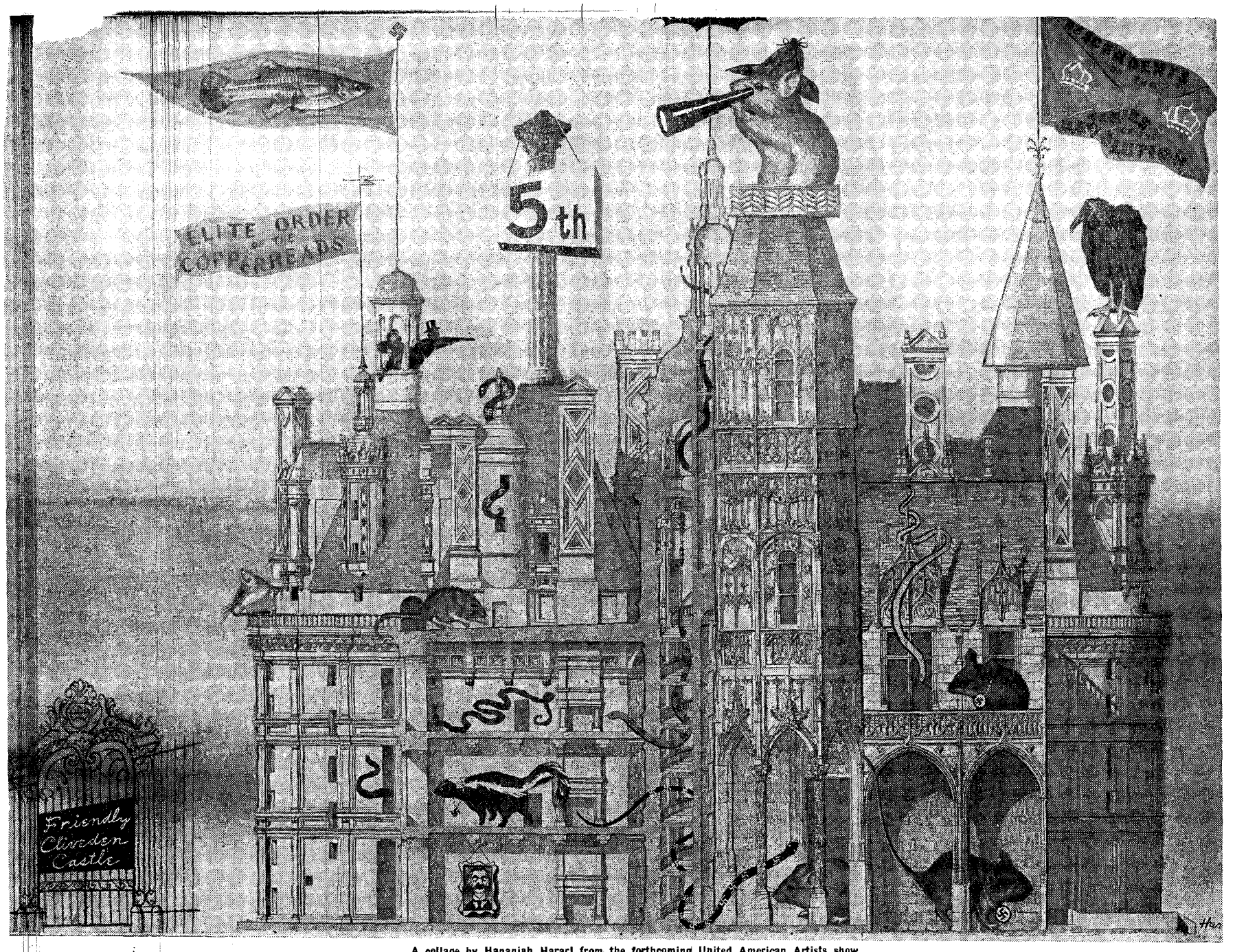


A collage by Hananiah Harari from the forthcoming United American Artists show

I COME now to the reorganization of Australia's defenses. Labor had opposed sending Australian troops to far off theaters of war, and had much reason to be dissatisfied with the preparations for home defense. Early in December it called up two large groups of new men for military training, and recalled thousands of trained militia for the duration. Many brass-hats were reshuffled with a view to greater efficiency. A number of the best divisional and brigade commanders abroad were recalled, not to mention junior and non-commissioned officers, to take over home defense.

Finally, there were the associated problems of creating a real public organization of industry for war, and satisfying the trade unions that the war effort was not to be exploited for profit. As I write, the government has already indicated its view of war profits by raising the federal company tax from a flat shilling in the pound to three shillings, and then to four shillings. On top of that, a real wartime excess-profits tax has been legislated on all profits above five percent. The government has also called a conference of employers' and employees' representatives to the national capital at Canberra and set up an Industrial Relations Council on a fifty-fifty basis, with a judge for chairman and a Minister over all.

The significance of such measures may not be readily appreciated abroad unless it is recalled that back in September a number of militant unions in the key industries had composed a memorandum to John Curtin, who was then leader of the Opposition. The memorandum had been signed by the metal workers, watersiders, seamen, railwaymen, gas employees, and building trades workers, among others. It proposed a Labor government, suggested that the unions be represented on the war industry control boards, insisted that profits be restricted and the monopolies curbed, and asked for the inauguration of relations with the USSR.

It can now be said that the Labor Party's new government has done some of these things, and with the urgency of Japan on our doorstep impelling it, the remainder of these proposals are bound to be considered and many accepted.

SO AT last we in Australia are on our way. That way is obviously going to come close to America's way also, in so far as your government's view of its interests permits. Americans will do well to remember that Australia has blast furnaces at Newcastle and Port Kembla in New South Wales; at Whyalla in south Australia completely new centers of pig iron and ship production are rising. Australia has cruisers and destroyers, and accommodations for American warships. And with Singapore gone, Darwin becomes *the* base in the western Pacific.

There are 7,000,000 people on this continent, including among them hundreds of thousands of proved fighters as well as skilled industrial workers. They are all ready to do their share, and more.

BRIAN FITZPATRICK.



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## Donald Nelson's Plans

THERE is good news for America in the new measures adopted by Donald Nelson to increase war production. The most important of these is the establishment of "joint labor-management war plant committees which will consider suggestions from all quarters for increasing production and which will help demonstrate the importance of our soldiers of production."

It was labor, specifically the CIO in its famous Murray Plan, which took the initiative in urging such joint committees. On this question, as on the whole problem of conversion, the labor movement has demonstrated its foresight and devotion to the country's interests. Whether these plant committees will be merely advisory or will be given real authority is not clear, but if properly utilized, there is no doubt they can play a major role in expanding output. Labor-management committees are already functioning in a number of smaller plants and getting results.

The other measures announced by Nelson provide the use of every machine as close as possible to 168 hours per week, and awards for outstanding achievements of both management and labor. The chairman of the War Production Board acted in response to a letter from President Roosevelt which said: "The urgency of today must be felt in every shop and factory producing war goods, in every home and on every farm. Then we shall achieve the spirit and cooperative action that carries a team to victory."

To achieve that spirit and cooperative action in fullest degree the next logical step should be taken without waiting additional precious months: labor should be given real participation in all the directing bodies of the production program and in the government. Winston Churchill, in explaining the inclusion of Minister of Labor Bevin in the War Cabinet, paid tribute to the increased role of labor. In our own country, with a trade union movement 11,000,000 strong and a working class which, together with its dependents, constitutes the majority of the population, there has as yet been no such recognition: no representative of the organized workers sits in the cabinet and there are very few such representatives in Congress. This is not a question of granting concessions to labor; it is a question of strengthening the government and the production program so as to increase the striking power of the United States and speed total victory over the Axis.

## Riders Take a Fall

IN THE last week of February Congress was faced with attempts to "ride" through two measures, one to thin pay envelopes drastically, the other to increase living costs by about $1,000,000,000. The first was Rep. Howard Smith's rider, attached to the War Powers Bill, which would have repealed the Wage-Hour Act for the duration. It was presented to the House suddenly, without previous consideration by any committee, as a patriotic device to increase war production by abolishing the forty-hour week. It did not, however, ride through. In fact the gentleman from Virginia came a cropper and sixty-one like-minded congressmen were unhorsed with him by the objections of 226. While Mr. Smith nurses his bruises he may contemplate a few lessons. One is that deception in vital national matters is harder than it used to be; it didn't take an hour of congressional debate to make clear that Smith's measure had nothing to do with the forty-hour week—which is not a law—but was aimed at *overtime pay*. Therefore it had nothing to do with production but plenty with profits.

Another lesson is that it is harder to get away with attacks on labor. For one thing, labor unity is stronger: both the CIO and AFL went into action immediately when Smith's rider was offered. For another, labor has been working overtime like all get-out in war industries and the public pretty well knows it. And the public is also learning to read between the lines of tory press portrayals of the smallest, most occasional labor dispute as a "production crisis." To hinder workers now by cutting or freezing wages in the face of rising costs is simply to hinder production —as Philip Murray and William Green pointed out in a joint memorandum to the President, and as Mr. Smith knows very well. But what is a war effort to the banker from Virginia? His rider was only the first measure in a projected series of anti-labor bills which have a common purpose—to stir up distrust, disorder, and dissension in the field of labor relations and thereby interfere with the victory program. He deserved a worse defeat than he got.

The other rider was planned but hasn't yet been presented—Sen. Elmer Thomas' measure to attach to the $32,000,000,000 war appropriation bill an "amendment" forbidding the US Commodity Credit Corp. to sell government-held surpluses below "parity" prices. At first the rider went through the Senate as a straight bill; then its sponsors, fearing a presidential veto or a defeat in the House, decided to do the "smart thing"; get it through as a rider. President Roosevelt has warned that the result would be inflationary and food costs would rise spectacularly. Back of this measure is a group of big farmers who hide behind the "little farmer's" plight —how, they plaintively ask, can he increase production unless he gets a good stiff price for it? Their answer is to let the prices shoot sky-high. But the real answer, to benefit the little farmer *and* the nation as a whole, is to control the rise in market prices, and give government aid in the form of direct subsidies, if necessary. To push farm prices up unreasonably is the worst thing, not only for small-income people in general but for the farmers themselves whose markets are bound to suffer. At this writing the supporters of Thomas' rider have agreed to talk things over with the President before introducing their measure. May they learn some necessary truths about production for victory as against prices for profit.

## Conspiracy of Silence

ONE of the most elaborate pretenses of reactionary press lords has been that the Browder case simply doesn't exist. This strange *cordon sanitaire* of silence was broken only recently by the New York *Daily News* and Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram,* which were compelled by growing protest against Browder's imprisonment to let their readers in on the secret that there *is* such a man as Browder and that he is in Atlanta penitentiary and American citizens are conducting a strenuous campaign to get him out. Only the appeaser papers didn't say "American citizens." They sneered, rather, at the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder as a group of "Reds"—which to appeasers is not American at all.

However, we needn't concern ourselves at the moment with Roy Howard and Captain Patterson's conceptions of Americanism. The important thing is that it is becoming hard for the sternest Clivedener to ignore a public sentiment which has reached the proportions of the demand to free Browder. To fair-minded people the swift growth of that demand is natural enough. Here is such a simple, such an outrageous case of injustice—what American, after knowing the facts, wouldn't protest? In addition, there is Earl Browder's great ability as a leader in the fight against fascism. As the Citizens Committee puts it in a paid advertisement in the New York *Times* —whose news columns continue to ignore Browder—"The fact that on the day of the attack at Pearl Harbor the imprisoned man



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offered his services to his country in any capacity is consistent with his life." Yet the twenty-fifth of this month marks a full year that Earl Browder has been shut away in prison. Three days later, March 28-29, there will be a national mobilization in New York City of the forces campaigning to free him. There are many things which citizens all over the country can do now to ensure the success of this Free Browder Congress. Get in touch with your local Citizens Committee or, if one has not been organized, write the national Committee—the full name and address is: Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, 1133 Broadway, New York City. Meanwhile —wire President Roosevelt and get others to wire him, urging Browder's release.

### Anglo-American Economic Pact

SUMNER WELLES, the acting Secretary of State, and Lord Halifax, the British ambassador, put their signatures to a document last week, affirming a "preliminary agreement" on how the war-time obligations between our country and Great Britain shall be settled in the postwar period. The document declares, first, that lease-lend aid shall continue. Second, that the final determination of the terms by which this aid will be repaid shall be left until "the progress of events makes clearer" the mutual benefit of this aid to both parties. Third, both governments express the intention of making the kind of settlement which will not burden the commerce of either country. The raising of tariff barriers and the development of economic rivalries, such as followed Versailles, are to be avoided.

In spirit this agreement flows from the critique which many progressives have made of the economic consequences of the last peace. After 1919 both the defeated and the victorious powers found themselves with large debts to the United States; to repay these debts, all the European powers sought to increase their trade; this conflicted with our own country's commercial drive and it contributed ultimately to the collapse of both the debt settlement and world trade itself. And after the world crisis of the early thirties began the drive for *autarky,* which accompanied the preparations for war. In expressing their intention of avoiding this kind of thing in the future, therefore, Mr. Welles and Lord Halifax are affirming progressive ideals, in the interests of the peoples of all the Allied powers and the world generally.

The only question is whether such preoccupations with the future are taking place at the expense of the urgency of winning the war now. A statement from the White House accompanying the economic pact quite properly warns that the paramount task of the

*(Continued on page 20)*

## What Hitler Fears Most

MAXIM LITVINOV'S remarkable speech at the Overseas Press Club on February 26 was characteristic of a man, who unlike so many diplomats, always means exactly what he says, and says just what he means. His call for the opening of new fronts *this spring* against Public Enemy Number One, Hitler, was clear and unmistakable; and while some newspaper quarters still evade the central issues which Mr. Litvinov raises, many others, among them the Chicago *Sun,* the New York *Post,* and *PM,* have responded favorably.

The psychological climate is beginning to change. There is talk of "taking the offensive" on all sides. Wendell Willkie struck this note almost simultaneously with the ambassador; Donald Nelson echoed the same idea in his powerful appeal for speedy production; the President had set the tone in the Washington Day address, although in more general and longer range terms; and General Marshall, chief of staff, told Congress on the day that our Army command was reorganized that the time had come for "carrying the war to the enemy."

But as yet the discussion is more abstract and general than it should be. It is a welcome change, but it has not spread far enough through the press and the radio, nor is there a sufficiently deep, nationwide consideration of the strategy of this war commensurate with the really serious crisis that is now approaching.

Consider some contrasts of the week's news: in the western Pacific the Japanese have opened their assault on Java, despite the heavy blows from the American Navy and MacArthur's phenomenal resistance in the Philippines. Simultaneously the Japanese plough through Burma, and have opened up on the Andaman Islands which lie well within the Indian Ocean.

The plain fact is that if Java falls, the possibility disappears of launching relatively early actions against Japan which might be of a decisive character. On the other hand, in Europe, the Red Army scored a powerful victory below Leningrad, involving the defeat of a whole Army Corps, some 100,000 Nazis, while on other zones of their front the initiative is firmly in Soviet hands.

The problem of the war is to compensate for Japanese successes by making the best use of Nazi defeats. It is clear as day, that while India, China, and Australia have to be mobilized, it is by coordination with our European ally that the way lies open not only to defeat Hitler but to slow down and halt Japan.

But it is March already and, as Stalin himself warned, the Nazis must be expected to prepare a tremendous drive within a matter of weeks. Depending on the scope and power of this drive, the Japanese are making their decisions for further assaults against China, against India, and possibly Soviet Siberia.

The war therefore approaches what may be its grimmest climax: the whole Soviet position will be at stake; the British empire's position, and together with it, all the planes, tanks, shipping, materiel which the United States has invested in the Near East for more than a year. Even more, as Litvinov implied, the Nazis may swing across the Mediterranean, down the west coast of Africa, intensify their Atlantic U-boat campaign, and confront us Americans directly with terrible dangers in the Caribbean and South America.

So it is not only the Russian interest that is involved, assuming that it were possible for the sake of argument to separate the Russian interest from that of the United Nations. It is the whole war. Hitler knows, said Litvinov, "that either he will win all this campaign and win all, or he will lose it, and lose all. We should like our Allies and friends to see this as clearly as Hitler does, and act accordingly."

To act accordingly means that "the forces which cannot be used on one front should not be kept in idleness and inaction but should be sent where they could be used. . . . There should be no idle armies, no immobile navies, stationary air fleets. . . . Common efforts which do not include common fighting may not be sufficient. . . . It may be of little use to have large well equipped armies, say, somewhere in the West, if they are not in action while decisive battles are raging in the East. . . . When such battles are over, it may be too late for the western armies to serve their purpose. . . ." "International diplomacy," said the man who remembers Geneva, "has never done anything which Hitler disliked. Will not international strategy try?"

Production for the offensive—yes, that is a special, urgent American task. Cleansing of the Cliveden set—that also. Mobilization of China, India, and Australia for ultimately decisive action against Japan—necessary. But above all, what this March and April demand is *a revision of the strategy of delaying until 1943,* and a substitution instead of a *strategy of winning in 1942.* Coordination with our strongest allies, concentration of our available forces for an invasion of Europe—only this can meet the challenge of *this spring.*



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(Continued from page 19)

present is to gain victory. And perhaps another question on the agreement is whether it takes into consideration sufficiently some of the other United Nations. It is obvious that an agreement such as this, while dealing primarily with Anglo-American affairs, will not be realizable in the sense of restoring *world* trade except by the intimate collaboration of many other countries, Russia in particular.

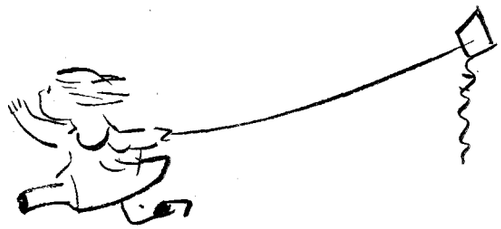
## Again Vichy Promises

THE State Department's announcement that Marshal Petain has once more promised to be a good fellow doesn't make happy reading. The average American, who knows that the Vichymen sold France down the river, is not going to be strengthened in his understanding of what the war is all about by the continued negotiations with the French fascists. To most people, the very fact that the fascists have again made a promise is a sure sign that something injurious to the democratic cause is about to happen. So it was with Hitler's promises; so it was with the Finns, with Mussolini, with Kurusu's mission of ill-fame. And we don't see why it won't be the same with Petain.

It seems that on February 10 President Roosevelt himself sent a query to the marshal, after the charges from London that Vichy was accommodating the Italian and German forces in Libya. This came after the French battleship Dunquerque returned from North Africa to Toulon—something which Petain promised us a year ago would not be permitted. Now we are told that in reply to the President's appeal, Vichy again promises to be neutral, and will not place her fleet or her bases at the disposal of the Axis. "Tension has been eased," say the headlines.

But we wonder. We wonder whether Hitler is not preparing for the day of a big trans-Mediterranean and south Atlantic offensive, the day when Marshal Petain will say to us: so sorry. And then there will be hell to pay in all of Latin America as the U-boats and the Luftwaffe open still another front to divert the United States and threaten the Panama Canal. Or even if Hitler doesn't do all that, isn't the continued respect for Vichy one of the obstacles to the opening of a second front, which our Russian allies ask that we do in our own best interests? As between the Vichymen and the advice of the Soviet Union —which does the State Department choose?

But it will be argued in Washington that our policy toward Vichy gains time; every day that Petain resists collaboration is a day that our own strength grows to a point where we do not have to fear him—that's the State Department's argument. But even assuming that their policy is merely tactical (which is a large assumption) what is it really that



hampers Petain from full-fledged cooperation with Germany? It is fear of the French people, of the rank and file of the French Navy; it is fear of the influence of de Gaulle and his allies. Instead of basing our policy on Petain's promises, therefore, would we not prevent collaboration better, and at less risk to ourselves, by strengthening the democratic, anti-fascist elements in France, and basing ourselves on them, rather than on their traducers?

## Seven Days a Week

IN CONNECTION with the problem of morale and youth's attitude toward the war, we were interested in the remarks Sir Stafford Cripps made to a conference of the Anglo-Soviet Youth Friendship Alliance in London last week. Sir Stafford, who was himself a leader in the Christian pacifist movement in the early twenties, told his audience that Soviet youth "feel they are on the right road to a better world. Today those great qualities which have been born in these young people have come to the rescue of the whole world." In Russia, said the new member of the War Cabinet, there is seven-day-a-week idealism, "not a one-day-a-week one."

## Germans vs. Hitler

THERE were about 20,000 members in the Nazi Bund of this country. There are at least 50,000 German-Americans in Greater New York alone who hate the Nazi Fuehrer and all his works. A few days ago delegates of those 50,000, from ninety organizations, gathered at Webster Hall in New York City for an Emergency Conference of far more than local significance on how to defeat Nazism and fascism. Their proceedings bore out the points that Hitler and his gang are not the German people; and that Germany's liberation from Nazism must also be fought for by those people within the Third Reich. Delegates to the Emergency Conference paid tribute to the honest people in their land while they declared war on Germany's misrulers. They appealed to all men and women, in the Nazi-occupied countries, to rise against the oppressors. And they called for the German people's right to self-determination after Hitler had been overthrown. Leaders of pre-Hitler Germany like Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld and Dr. Horst Baerensprung urged the necessity of vigilance in fighting the secret work of the officially dissolved Bund. And a leader of pre-Vichy France, former Minister of Aviation Pierre Cot, told the conference that "It would be as unjust to mix the German people with Hitler, Goebbels, and Goering as to mix the French people with Petain, Darlan, and Laval." M. Cot was one of a number of speakers representing prominent people of other nationalities than the German. It was a demonstration of international unity, a demonstration above all that the German people are part of that unity, whose goal is the complete, final riddance of Germany's and the world's masters-by-force.

## Mothers in War Work

THE problem of how to take care of the kids and also do your share in the war effort has already occupied many American women who are doing voluntary defense work in civilian organizations. It will become a nationwide and very serious problem as 10,000,000 men are enrolled in the armed forces and war industries absorb more and more manpower. Already women are being called upon to work in industrial production—the War Department, for example, has ordered the Ford Motor Co. to employ more than 12,000 women in a new bomber plant. But the problem of the kids is not being left until the very moment when millions of women will have to face it. On March 15 the US Commissioner of Education, John W. Studebaker, will conduct hearings in Washington on the question of nursery schools to release mothers for industrial work. People like Dr. Bella V. Dodd of the Teachers Union, who have had experience with plans for child-care centers, will contribute their knowledge of the subject. Undoubtedly some of the witnesses will be informed on what has been done or projected in other countries like England in regard to this problem. Of course federal funds will have to be allocated for such a project here. It will be well worth it—but it will also have to be pressed upon Congress by the people. We don't know how anyone can call child care a "furbelow" but we do know a handful of congressmen who wouldn't be above it.

## Not for Money

JUST a word to remind you that the NEW MASSES Quiz Book is rolling off the press. The experts have finished, they have checked the answers to the 760 questions, the artists have finished their work of making the book as attractive and readable as you ever saw. The rest is up to you. Recall how folk say you cannot buy something for love or money? Well, you can't buy the Quiz Book with money; but you can with love—love for NEW MASSES, love for knowledge, love for a good time. So, dear reader, hurry up with those two subs. The Quiz Book is ready for you.



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# Readers Forum

## Agree on India

To New Masses: India is fast becoming one of the most strategic places in this war and she may very well prove to be the turning point in what is now happening in the East. I fully agree with all the suggestions in Mr. Cockburn's article for the American people. I recently gave a radio talk in which I followed very much the same lines that this article follows. America's awareness of India's place in this war can help dissolve the unfortunate political deadlock that still persists. Chiang Kai-shek's visit to India will help clear the political atmosphere somewhat. But a bold move must come from Churchill's government, and American opinion can certainly induce that change.

Anup Singh,
*Executive Secretary, India League.*

To New Masses: I have read carefully the article, "India—Giant Arsenal Ignored," by Mr. Claude Cockburn (New Masses, February 17). It is a splendid exposition of the situation. I fully concur with him and I have expressed my views on the subject in the letter to the editor of the New York *Times* of February 3.

I am of the opinion that without full support from India the United Nations will have very great difficulty in defeating the Axis Powers. If Japan is to be defeated, then she should be dislodged from various bases she has occupied in Burma, Malaya, and other main lands of Asia. This cannot be done by the use of mere sea power. The present war has demonstrated the limitations of Admiral Mahan's theories. It has been conclusively proven that a sea power can be driven from bases through effective use of land power. The fall of Singapore is one of the best examples.

I believe that the governments of the United States, China, Soviet Russia, and other members of the United Nations should use concerted pressure on Mr. Churchill to change Britain's policy toward India.

I think that arrangements should be made for reprints of Mr. Cockburn's article to be sent to every congressman and senator, every important and responsible labor leader in the United States, all the governors of the states and others, so that they will be able to express their views to the President of the United States.

Taraknath Das.

To New Masses: I am delighted to say that Mr. Cockburn has displayed a real grasp of the Indian situation. I agree with his propositions without any reservation. I might add here as a sidelight that I have taken a similar view of the situation in my recent book, *My India, My America.* What all the members of the United Nations should realize once and for all is that unless a similar view of India is taken, the battle for Asia will be very nearly lost. And none of us can afford to see that happen.

Krishnalal Shridharani.

## Red-Baiting Libel Spiked

To New Masses: My libel suit instituted last fall against the Bobbs-Merrill Co., publishers of *The Red Decade* by Eugene Lyons, has just been settled.

The original action was brought because of libelous statements made concerning me in this book. It has been settled upon the definite agreement of the Bobbs-Merrill Co., which owns the copyright on the book, to make nine substantial changes in the text of any and all future printings, including serializations, dramatizations, broadcasts, or any other form of publication. The changes agreed to have been recorded in a special stipulation of settlement signed by our respective lawyers on February 28. It is also set forth in this stipulation that if there is any violation of the agreement, I shall be entitled to renew immediately my original suit for libel.

This settlement was made over the head of Mr. Eugene Lyons, who, on his own insistence, became a defendant in the suit but who would not agree to the changes worked out between the Bobbs-Merrill Co. and myself.

I am happy that the Bobbs-Merrill Co. has thus recognized the wrong done me in the publication of *The Red Decade* and is willing to make retraction and restitution in the above manner. I have never before felt compelled to bring a libel suit and I trust that I shall not feel called upon to do so again. However, I am determined in the future as in the past to defend my good name with all promptitude and vigor, and in the courts if necessary.

Corliss Lamont.

New York City.

## "Native Son" Down Below

*The following letter is from John Randolph, who plays the role of Jan Erlone in the play* Native Son, *which has been touring the country.*

To New Masses: We played most of the northern states with this show—Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, etc. We took a flyer in St. Louis and came out very successfully. Then we did what every Negro and progressive white actor in the cast wanted to do—we went below the Mason-Dixon Line to Baltimore, to present Richard Wright's tremendous indictment of racial discrimination.

The play was given in the Ford Theater. There were no pictures of the cast in the theater lobby; later we found that the chief of police had ordered them removed because they showed Negroes and whites together. Then a committee of Quaker women who wanted to have a first-balcony theater party of Negroes and whites was told by the manager that the very idea was indecent. When one of the women pointed out that America was fighting Hitler and racism was a Nazi weapon, he retorted that Hitler had done some excellent things, that we had no business in this war, and Pearl Harbor was only an incident.

Collage, Reinhardt

When the curtain rose, the second gallery was packed—it was reserved for Negroes at eighty-three cents a seat, which was twenty-five cents more than the price charged during the previous play. The first balcony was nearly full, the orchestra half full. There were many Army boys in the latter. Eight policemen leaned along the orchestra balustrade at the rear of the hall. Everything went smoothly until the big courtroom scene when Lawyer Max answers the prosecuting attorney's plea to burn Bigger Thomas. Every word now seemed to have a special significance—every reference to race hatred and violence sounded like hot lead being dripped on a cold surface. The officer on my right muttered, "He looks just like dat Communist lawyer Voinen." Then came the lines about Jim Crow in the Army and Navy, and the rest of the speech was lost in a roar of cheering and whistling that started in the second balcony and spread to the first. My heart jumped about three inches. You can hardly imagine what it means, to say what you've always wanted to say and say it right out to the people who heed it. There was another crescendo of cheers for the line "There are no Jim Crow bullets." This time the actor playing the part of Lawyer Max was so moved that he could hardly talk. When the scene ended, three or four people walked out. But after the play was over Canada Lee, who played Bigger, and the rest of the cast got a big hand from the audience, both orchestra and balconies. Only, out front one woman with tears flowing cried, "They shouldn't mislead people like that—I thought I was coming to see a play about the American Indians!"

John Randolph.

Baltimore.

## Protest to PM

To New Masses: On reading Kenneth Crawford's story and editorial in *PM* (February 23), I sent the following letter to that newspaper. Crawford had defended Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean from Bruce Minton's charges that she was a leader of the Washington Cliveden set.

"Don't be so simple, *PM*. Of course Mrs. McLean had other guests too. So did Lady Astor, but she was still the Cliveden set. Of course Mrs. McLean bitterly resents the charges. So did Lady Astor. Indeed, if Mr. Crawford had read the article properly, he would have seen that it said that 'other prominent people of far different—often liberal—outlook' were sometimes invited too. Perhaps now even Mr. Crawford will get an invitation.

"Say what you will, these people are, to say the least, self-proclaimed anti-Soviet, and for present purposes, to be anti-Soviet amounts to the same thing as being pro-fascist. 'Who is not for us is against us.'

"First the Ingersoll Burp, and now this. Why is *PM* so anxious to rush to the defense of these appeasers, Finnish, Vichy, and Franco fascists, and society gossip writers, and always so ready to attack the Communists? The Communists were fighting fascists before most of us had ever heard of fascism. And they fought them in Spain and they're fighting them now.

"Let Mrs. McLean show her patriotism by selling her diamonds for defense stamps.

"I am not giving my name because if she takes a libel action against me, I haven't any diamonds to sell to pay for my defense."

"Disturbed Reader."



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# LIFE AND DEATH OF STEFAN ZWEIG

***Why the author of "A Failing Heart" killed himself. The man who caught glimpses of the future but whose courage failed. The terror of exile. An estimate of his work by one who knew him.***

"A FAILING HEART"—this title of one of Stefan Zweig's best known books must have come back into the memories of many people when they read on the early morning of February 24 that the exiled Austrian writer had committed suicide. And indeed his heart failed in a moment of depression and despair.

"After I saw the country of my own language fall, and my spiritual land—Europe—destroying itself, and I have reached the age of sixty, it would require immense strength to reconstruct my life, and my energy is exhausted by long years of peregrination as one without a country." So begins the letter of farewell written before the suicide. And it closes with the words: "It is time to end a life that was dedicated only to spiritual work, considering human liberty and my own as the greatest wealth in the world."

The way into death as the only way to liberty—that was a solution sought by other exiled writers, literary and spiritual kith and kin of Stefan Zweig, members of a whole literary generation, lost in the turmoils of our time, feeling entirely uprooted after the whirlwind of flight and exile had robbed them of their former ways of life, of their books, of their publishers and readers. There is a long chain of hearts that failed under the onslaught of Nazi barbarism, in the bloody Hitler night of the new order: Kurt Tucholsky, Josef Roth, Ernst Weiss, Walter Hasenclever, Walter Benjamin, Ernst Toller.

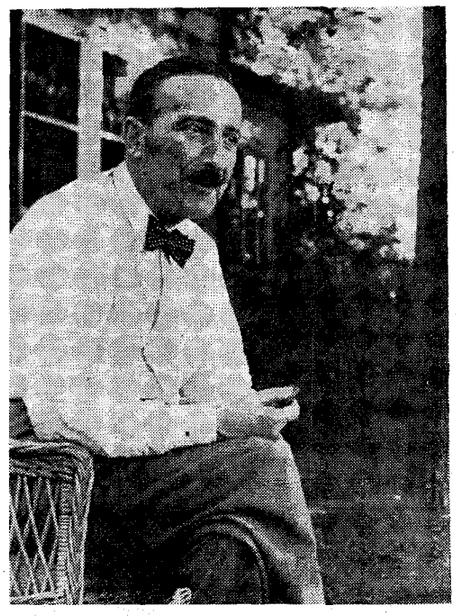
And more may fail. For "Exile is icy water poured on hot iron, it makes the iron crack or changes it into steel," to quote the words of an unknown emigre, a soldier of the International Brigades, whose heart did not fail even after it had ceased to beat.

ALL in his life seemed to be smooth and beautiful. Born in Vienna in 1881 in that lucky stratum of wealth which could afford to be spiritual and gay, Stefan Zweig's childhood and youth were bright from the light of the *Kaiserstadt an der schoenen blauen Donau,* the Imperial capital on the beautiful blue Danube. He could follow his spiritual sympathies and never had to worry about finishing his studies or hunting for a job. Early in life he discovered his devotion to literature.

The stars on the Viennese literary heaven of the late nineties and the first years of the new century—Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Arthur Schnitzler—were venerated examples to the young student Zweig. His first volume of verse, *The Early Wreaths,* written in his university years, is strongly influenced by Rilke. A play *Thersites,* the tragedy of the ugly man, bears all the signs of Hoffmannsthalian style. A first story, "Fear," could have been written by Arthur Schnitzler.

For the next ten years Stefan Zweig undertook long travels. He went to Paris, London, and Brussels. He visited Spain, Italy, Africa, India, Canada, the United States, Mexico, Cuba. He became friendly with many of the coming and already established European men of letters—with Verhaeren, Jules Romains, Vildrac, Romain Rolland, Duhamel, Wassermann, the brothers Mann, Galsworthy, and many others. His literary activity during that decade was mostly devoted to translations. He gave the German reading public the beautiful renditions of Rimbaud and Verlaine, Baudelaire and Verhaeren, and a dozen other French, Italian, and Spanish authors. His literary correspondence took on an extraordinary size. All was serene, gay, beautiful. Life seemed to be a flowered way to spiritual joy and enlightened pleasure.

The war of 1914-18 exploded the splendor and quietness of that life. Stefan Zweig got a terrible shock. Unlike Gerhard Hauptmann, Richard Dehmel, and quite a number of his other literary friends, Stefan Zweig never glorified the war of the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns. Whereas Thomas Mann wrote that ill-fated article in the *Neue Rundschau* full of imperial propaganda slogans against "perfidious Albion," Stefan Zweig greeted with enthusiasm Henri Barbusse's



*Stefan Zweig*

*Under Fire* and Romain Rolland's *Above the Slaughter.*

After the war Zweig tried to forget its horrors. He believed in the possibility of a lasting peace, in the fruitfulness of the League of Nations. He left Vienna and settled down in Salzburg, that "Italian city north of the Alps," that city of barocco and music. Now he began his serious literary career as an essayist, dramatist, biographer, and novelist.

STEFAN ZWEIG was one of the most prolific writers of Europe between the two world wars. He was at the same time one of the most successful. Few authors have been so widely translated (thirty languages); few have attained such vast audiences.

He wrote with great ease. There were always several works in progress upon his writing desk. In one of his last letters, dated Jan. 15, 1942, he tells a friend in New York that he has four new manuscripts in the making and plans for four other books already in mind. Besides his strictly literary work as a writer, he founded a *Bibliotheca Mundi* (a world library), showered his publisher with new ideas, read the scripts of scores of new writers, encouraged young talents, translated foreign authors, made lecture tours, tried to help the directors of his plays, wrote innumerable letters to friends in all parts of the world.

The list of his books is impressive. There were novelized biographies—*Marie Antoinette, Mary Queen of Scotland, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Joseph Fouche, Magellan, Amerigo Vespucci;* biographical studies of Verhaeren, Romain Rolland, Dostoievsky, Balzac, Kleist, Hoelderlin, Stendhal, Tolstoy, Nietzsche, Dickens, Casanova; essays on mental healers (Mesmer, Mary Baker Eddy, Siegmund Freud), on philosophical and religious disputes (Castellio against Calvin); plays—*Jeremiah, Volpone, The House on the Sea;* novelettes and novels—*Amok, Four and Twenty Hours in a Woman's Life, A Failing Heart, Beware of Pity;* historical miniatures—*(The Tide of Fortune)* ranging from the minute of Goethe's death to the failure of Woodrow Wilson and Lenin's departure from Switzerland in the famous sealed train. He left a great many papers, an entirely finished autobiography, and two voluminous scripts on Balzac and on Montaigne.

ZWEIG did not create a world in fiction like Balzac or Tolstoy whom he immensely admired, nor were his ideas about history, art, or philosophy pregnant with genius. But he had measure and taste. He knew how to narrate. His was the pleasant ability to give fic-



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tionalized shape to modern ideas—those of Freud, for example. He was a bearer of enlightened entertainment, a spiritual *causeur*.

He knew about the miseries of poverty and exploitation and he felt genuine pity. He loved freedom and detested injustice and tyranny. But he was never a fighter like Victor Hugo or Emile Zola. He would not get "mixed up in the rough business of struggle," and for him, "political tune was an ugly tune." He could praise the "human dictatorship" of Vargas, yet he declined—in faraway pre-Hitler days—an order from Mussolini and asked instead that two imprisoned anti-fascists be liberated. And he wrote one of the most moving pages about Maxim Gorky, full of love for the Russian people. Exile was for him a sort of ill fate, not a task requiring struggle in order to abolish the reasons for exile.

In one of his last letters there are the words: "Courage will have to change itself into patience until that mysterious 'afterwards' arrives which I confess I would be curious to see." But this passive courage was not strong enough. Nor was the curiosity to see the time after Hitler's defeat sufficiently ardent—probably because Zweig did not have much faith in that "mysterious afterwards."

Rereading his novelettes and novels today is a strange experience. One plunges into a submerged world where the greatest misery and tragedy seemed to be the troubles of a perverted love or the sufferings of a lonely lover or the decay of a burned out heart. Still there are scenes—like the description of the hands of the players in Monte Carlo in *Four and Twenty Hours in a Woman's Life*—which you do not forget once you have read them. Even now they make the same strong impression they did ten years ago.

EXILE did not bring to Stefan Zweig material hardships. He had to worry neither about passports nor about permits of stay nor about money. Still he is a victim of Hitler's bloody barbarism. It was the same story with Zweig as it had been with Tucholsky and Toller. Having witnessed the death of their cherished illusions, having seen the collapse of the society in which they had lived, with little faith in the strength of the people, they thought the victory of barbarism global and definite.

Their hearts became tired. In the last works of Stefan Zweig the words "suicidal Europe," "suicidal struggle of our Old World" and "time of despair" make numerous appearances. There did not have to be a sudden terrible blow. In that condition of despair and hopelessness, a moment of depression, a mood of melancholy were enough to let the failing heart wish to seek quiet and forgetting in the deep waters of death.

Had Zweig not put as a motto to a book about the "demonical spirits" of German literature the words of Nietzsche? "I love those who do not know how to live, unless as ones going down." *(Ich liebe die, welche nicht zu leben wissen, es sei denn als Untergehende.)* This might have been his own epitaph.

O. T. RING.

# CALDWELL RETURNS FROM SMOLENSK

## *Samuel Sillen reviews the latest book of one of America's foremost writers. "I never doubted . . . their ability to stop the Germans."*

ALL-OUT ON THE ROAD TO SMOLENSK, *by Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

WE MAY be thankful that Erskine Caldwell was in Moscow during the early days of the war. By cable and by radio he gave America a graphic sense of what General MacArthur has called the "scale and grandeur" of the Soviet fight. It was appropriate that one of our finest novelists should report the war to us, just as Ehrenbourg, Sholokhov, and Alexei Tolstoy reported it to their countrymen.

Now he has published a book describing his impression of those early days. It would perhaps be more accurate to say two books. One is a straight reporting job, an eye-witness account of air raids over Moscow and scarred battlefields and civilian heroism. That book is genuinely exciting and illuminating. The other is a fragmentary essay in political speculation, and it is more frequently amateurish, contradictory, unconvincing. Running the two books together gives the effect of sunlit islands in a choppy sea.

With the economy and concreteness of a first rate story teller, Caldwell presents the drama of an entire people mobilized in a war of liberation. Caldwell was especially impressed with the all-out character of popular participation. Despite the suddenness of attack, the country was on a full war footing within three days. So flooded were enlistment stations that all voluntary enrollment had to be abolished within a few hours. "After seeing the Russians in action during the first week of war," he writes, "I never for a moment doubted their ability to stop the Germans." The passages of dramatic reporting tell of a people's war.

There are numerous examples of the devotion and resolve of the masses both at the front and in the rear. One senses an amazing coordination of manifold activities. The labor battalions repaired Moscow's streets faster than the Germans could bomb them. Newspapers were printed under fire at the front, and Caldwell tells us how much that means in terms of ingenuity and courage. We hear the report of a gigantic battle of tanks; the description of a Moscow night made vivid with tracer bullets and flares; the epic tale of Victor Talalikhin, who rammed his fighter plane into a heavily loaded German bomber. Caldwell makes these episodes live for us.

All the more reason to deplore the contradictions between observed fact and political guesswork that one encounters in these pages. On page 161, for example, Caldwell theorizes that "Russians are touchy on the subject of criticism." But on page 168 he reports an experience that "proved to me that Russians are critical of their own shortcomings." On one page he generalizes that, under socialism, "Many do not wish to accept responsibility, and for that reason work hard at being inefficient. . . ." How many? Surely not those on page 206 where "both soldiers and civilians fought the Germans in a manner that demonstrated that each individual considered himself personally responsible for the success or failure of the war. . . ."

While describing an all-out effort "probably unique in the world's history," Caldwell minimizes, in theory, the initiative and understanding of the masses. The people believed in victory, he says, because they were "told" they would win. Confidence was due "to a great extent" to government propaganda and censorship of news from abroad.

But this is an altogether negative view. If victory were a matter of confiscating radio sets and issuing boasts, the Nazis would today march beyond the Urals. The will-to-believe is insubstantial unless it is grounded in reality. Might it not be more precise to say that, as thinking men and women, Soviet citizens knew the justice of their cause and the facts of their achievement; and that they believed what their leaders said because it corresponded to the truth and expressed their own experience? I stress this distinction between what Caldwell in one airy sentence calls "belief in Stalin's judgment" and "blind faith." Belief in judgment is verifiable; it is constantly tested and proved in practice. Blind faith is mysticism; it may "move mountains," but it cannot shift a complex economy from the front to the interior, nor can it create Leningrad symphonies, scientific institutes, unswerving guerrilla fighters. Only knowledge deep and active, only inquiring intelligence can do that.

Caldwell is equally contradictory on the subject of Stalin. When he appraises the concrete and demonstrable results of Stalin's policies, he properly celebrates the genius of Stalin's strategy. He describes the Soviet leader as "the supreme strategist of the age . . . calm, wise, unshakable." Stalin's "knowledge of military, economic, and political conditions within the borders of his own country, as well as those in the countries of Europe and Asia, is superior to that of anyone else in the world." And yet, categorically, without a shred of evidence, he attributes fanciful views to Stalin. He tells us, for example, that Stalin has "slight conception" of democracy, that Stalin "thinks" public opinion in England and America "can be turned on and off by those in power." Not so many years ago, on separate occasions, Stalin read Emil Ludwig and H. G. Wells instructive lectures on "the democratic spirit" in America and England which he contrasted with the "haughty spirit of the feudal aristocracy" in certain other countries. These interviews bear rereading today.

Of the two books that Caldwell has writ-



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ten, I prefer the one in which he sticks to the plain facts. The second book suggests that he was not able to see very far beneath the surface. When he tells us what he saw and heard, Caldwell writes with a vigor and clarity and sympathy that will recommend themselves to many readers.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

## Light on Australia

INTRODUCING AUSTRALIA, *by C. Hartley Grattan. John Day. $3.*

FOR most Americans Australia is the least known of the continents. Mr. Grattan now provides an introduction that is clear, comprehensive, and critical. He is able to do this because in addition to personal observation over a period of years, he has steeped himself in Australian writing, including the researches of Brian Fitzpatrick, Australia's pioneer materialist historian.

In his opening chapter Mr. Grattan clears away some popular myths. Australia is not the home of "the middle way," the ideal commonwealth of Social Democracy, in which the elaborate system of arbitration courts has harmonized the interests of capital and labor. On the contrary, the history of Australia is a story of fierce struggle against recalcitrant nature and grasping monopolists. Generally thought of abroad as a mainly agricultural country, Australia has in the last quarter century developed—not without British objections—an extensive manufacturing industry. Seventy percent of its population live in "urban areas"; a third are crowded into two cities, Sydney and Melbourne.

Almost half the interior of the continent is arid semi-desert. This explains, at least in part, why a country not much smaller than the United States in area has a population of only 7,000,000. Incidentally, Mr. Grattan fails to note the immediate military implications of this extraordinary concentration of Australia's population on the southeast fringe of the continent. It makes the problem of getting to the equatorial region very difficult.

One of the most brilliant sections in Grattan's book is the story of the rise of the Australian steel trust, the BHP or the Broken Hill Proprietary Co., Ltd. Its ramifications envelop almost all Australia's heavy industry, including mining, chemicals, shipping, construction, automobile and plane manufacture. Its steel plant at Newcastle, New South Wales, is one of the largest in the world. And it is notable that three-fourths of the shares of BHP are still held in London.

Equally remarkable is the growth of the Australian labor movement. Historically the Australian population was recruited mainly from the working class of the British Isles. The influx of English Chartists and Irish rebels in the middle of the last century is the genesis of the militant unionism of the present. Ever since the great strikes of the nineties, Australian workers have made history of the kind that has given them a reputation for militancy all over the world. Today labor "is the most powerful single force in the Australian community," forty-six percent of all adult workers are organized in unions.

The last part of the book is devoted to an appraisal of Australia's international position, past, present, and future. Australia is a British "Dominion." But, as Mr. Grattan points out, this is not a very useful definition for Americans. The written formulation of the existing legal relationship is the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which grants the dominions the powers necessary to become autonomous. In reality Australia is still tied to Britain in defense, trade, finance, politics, and culture. About fifty-five percent of Australia's exports go to Great Britain, which supplies forty-two percent of Australia's imports and has over 545,000,000 pounds of capital invested in the Dominion. In World War I and in the first phases of the present war, Australia virtually played the role of a manpower and supply reserve for Britain. But the growing Axis menace and the southern drive of Japan have made Australians look to increasingly closer relations with non-British allies, especially the United States and the USSR. Today Australia is very much part of the wider United Nations bloc, which many Australians and especially its labor movement want to see as a permanent grouping.

Mr. Grattan's well rounded picture is not without weaknesses. His handling of political trends and inner labor tendencies is sometimes misleading. His general analysis is often insufficiently integrated with the present world-wide struggle against the Axis. More might have been said on the military side, which is now an immediate problem. Nonetheless this lively volume will be more than an introduction for most of us. It is also an education.

K. F. LESTER.

## Lin Yutang's New Novel

A LEAF IN THE STORM, *by Lin Yutang. The John Day Co. $2.50.*

LIN YUTANG'S most recent novel of China begins at the time of the Chinese withdrawal from Shanghai in 1937 and closes shortly after the first decisive victory of the Chinese forces at Taierchuang, in May 1938. For the Chinese people this period was the most crucial of the Sino-Japanese war: the frontal assaults of the Japanese had swept the defending armies from the coastal cities, and the war was being carried into the interior. The need for unity of the whole nation had been impressed upon millions as the object lesson of their daily experience. *A Leaf in the Storm* contains graphic documentation of the heroic efforts of the Chinese to reorganize their lives for successful resistance to the "empire-dreamers of the East-Ocean."

Of the thousands of "leaves in the storm" of the China War, Lin Yutang has chosen to write the story of a young Chinese woman named Malin. Her adventures, in bare outline,



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follow the traditional pattern of the unhappy heroine of romantic fiction. Although there is some novelty in the distinctly Western flavor of her experiences, at best they would have a faded appeal if it were not for Dr. Lin's penetrating insight into the facts of the war. Malin at first desires the kind of love which will give her the security, comfort, and pleasure of a sheltered middle class woman—though with a man for whom she can show the utmost devotion. Strangely this desire is momentarily fulfilled in a measure beyond her expectations; then, heartbroken, she is forced to flee Shanghai for the interior. At Hankow, for the first time she sees the China deeply scarred by war, where millions of human beings are afoot, homeless, and where each new ravage of the Japanese leaves the living mute but grimly conscious of their task. As Malin learns of the people's suffering, and, like the others, takes up the work of the war, her desire for a love that will isolate and protect her from the storm falls gradually away. When she is reunited with her lover near the battlefield of Taierchuang, she learns, ironically too late, that the war has deepened and profoundly changed his feeling for her.

Wherever possible Dr. Lin works into his narrative the facts and details of both the war and the life and traditions of China. Concerning the Japanese he is forced to digress since there are no Japanese characters in the book. Japan's imperial policies he regards as "fantastic," a madness without a method. When the soldiers ran amok, he tells us, there was "an enforced lack of discipline." But he fails to see that brutalization of the common soldier is but one necessity of Japanese fascism. Among Dr. Lin's many caustic and acute observations on Japanese policy in China, there is little to illuminate the basic forces in the drive for conquest in the Pacific. Though he speaks of certain "differences" in Japanese imperialism, the relation between its methods and the world-wide aggressions of the Axis does not enter his comments or cross the minds of his characters.

While Dr. Lin was perhaps overmindful of his fiction audience in his search for "one leaf in the storm," he has written of other leaves too, with a particular regard for the humble, the quietly suffering, and the inconspicuous. Not the least remarkable quality of the book is his ability to give the reader the sense of the importance of personal identity among the masses of the Chinese people, whom many persons are accustomed to thinking of in terms of mere numbers. It is a rare kind of love story which, while analyzing a passion that touches the lives of three people, can yet carry as an undercurrent the lives of millions.

ALAN BENOIT.

## Emily Bronte's Poems

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY JANE BRONTE, *edited from the manuscripts by C. W. Hatfield, Columbia University Press. $2.80.*

FOREVER FREEDOM, *edited by Josiah C. Wedgwood and Allan Nevins. Pelican Books. 25 cents.*

AT LONG last, we have a definitive edition of Emily Bronte's poetry. Faulty editing, the inclusion of poems not written by her, the failure to track down available manuscripts, marred previous volumes of "the complete poems." But Mr. Hatfield has done the work that needed doing, and it will not need re-doing. His text is a copy of the poems as Emily Jane Bronte wrote them, with the exception of a group of fragments for which the manuscripts have not been found.

The poems are a valued part of our literature. Emily Bronte is a woman poet, but not a lady poet of the early Victorian period. The first selections were published pseudonymously in 1846 under a name that did not reveal the author's sex. Charlotte Bronte explained the neuter names were "dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because we had a vague impression that authoresses were liable to be looked on with prejudice." From a society that regarded lunatics, criminals, and women alike incapable of owning property, Emily turned:

*. . . speak and say*
*Why I did cast the world away;*

*Why I have persevered to shun*
*The common paths that others run;*
*And on a strange road journeyed on*
*Heedless alike of Wealth and Power—*
*Of Glory's wreath and Pleasure's flower.*

So many of the poems are intense, bold, and moving that we are glad to have them in authentic text.

*Forever Freedom,* "Being an anthology in Prose and Verse from England and America" (subtitle), is welcome to America. Containing many of the better-known poems, speeches, historical documents, and essays on freedom, it also includes little items by the Chartist poets, Ebenezer Elliott and Ernest Jones, by Samuel Adams, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Gerrard Winstanley, John Keats, and many others. On the other hand, there is a strange avoidance of Socialist writings, both Utopian and scientific. There is room apparently for Nicholas Murray Butler (on Freedom!) but not for Robert Owen, or Ruskin, or William Morris, or George Bernard Shaw, or John Reed—a fact not to be explained by the great selectivity needed in a compilation of only 200 pages. Rather is it due to a carelessness with the concept of freedom that leads, for instance, to the inclusion of materials hailing the "freedom" sought by the slave owners in their rebellion of 1861—pieces by Bret Harte—side by side with moving poetry and prose


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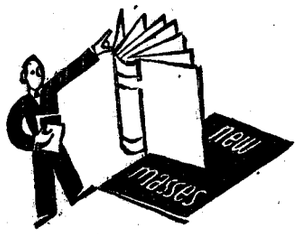


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on John Brown. Such carelessness is a foe to freedom, which must ever be treated as more than a word.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

## All About Civil Defense

CIVIL DEFENSE, *by C. W. Glover. Chemical Publishing Co. $16.*

C. W. GLOVER is a British civil and structural engineer and a member of the Council of the ARP. His *Civil Defense* is an encyclopedic work that should do much to avert panic in air raids, by teaching people in advance how to protect themselves. The essence of the book's material has been drawn from 184 volumes on air raids, written in the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union, as well as in the Axis nations. Much of the work is based on wartime conditions. When such conditions were lacking, field and laboratory experiments were made and the results are given here in pictures, diagrams, and statistical tables.

One section of the book contains a detailed exposition of war gases. The term "war gas" is applied to any substance, whether solid, liquid, or vapor, which is used to poison, irritate, or blister. Some fiction writers have created the legend that many gases suitable for use in chemical warfare cannot be neutralized or filtered. However, J. B. S. Haldane has adduced a number of scientific reasons to the contrary. In order to volatilize, a gas must have a low molecular weight, or consist of very few elements. The great majority of these gases are known and so are the methods for decontaminating them. It is interesting to note that some of the most dangerous gases have odors which are easily recognized. Mustard gas, a blister gas that will affect any part of the body, smells like garlic; phosgene, a choking gas and a lung irritant, smells like new mown hay; lewisite, a sternutator which affects the eyes, nose, and throat, smells like geranium. Decontamination methods are based on the recognition of these odors and Glover has furnished an excellent table of instructions for the removal of these poisons.

This all-inclusive defense guide covers every phase of bombing. The author recognizes that the search for an absolutely bomb-proof shelter is futile and devotes much space to the protection of the individual, the home, the factory, and the community. He gives vital facts about extinguishers, water hoses, and sand blankets. There is a description of the effect of incendiary bombs on the new fire-proof "durasteel" and the laminated plywood asbestos cement, "impermite." The incendiaries come off second best, which indicates a potential new field of construction materials as a result of this war.

Insurance, economic dislocations, the problems of evacuating children and the aged and infirm are not neglected. The book closes with chapters on the organization, training, and equipment necessary for a well functioning ARP. A brief study of the control in France, Germany, and Great Britain has been added since the war broke out. Glover's manual, despite its high price, belongs in the library of all zone, sector, and post wardens of America. A cheaper edition would be even more to the point. JAMES KNIGHT.

## Too Slick

WELCOME TO THE CITY *and other stories, by Irwin Shaw. Random House. $2.*

THE author of *Bury the Dead* and *Gentle People* has collected twenty stories written since 1938. They are not profound or searching or emotionally moving; they are, in fact, largely run-of-the-mill for such slicks as the *New Yorker, Mademoiselle, Stag, and Harper's.* That is to say they are well turned, nearly always entertaining, and, with few exceptions, unimportant: small stories about small people in small circumstances. They testify that Shaw can recreate the spoken language, that he feels tenderly toward the human race, and that he realizes that our social and economic environment too often corrodes the essential dignity of man. But most of these stories also indicate that Shaw was content with pathos, a sort of isn't-it-too-bad-what's-the-use attitude. His people reflect a petty, ridiculous, unhappy world to which they are neurotically adjusted. The more intelligent of them may ponder, but few of them fight against being robbed of poise and self-respect. In "The Eighty Yard Run" the protagonist has nothing left to sustain his ego but the memory of the long run for touchdown he made fifteen years earlier. A hopeless young actor in "Welcome to the City" is cheered by the drunken amiableness of a degraded "Greta Garbo" in a three-dollar-a-week hotel. Two former lovers in "Search Through the Streets of the City" feel that life has cheated them. Some of Shaw's sketches give us glimpses of people who are merely absurd, such as the three partners in "Lemkal, Pogran and Blaufox" timidly in search of love by the dollar.

The few characters who do strike back at their attackers make the best stories in the book. "Select Clientele," in which the theme is hatred of Jews and culture, might have been an important story if it had been thought through. As it stands, the fighting reaction of the artists leads nowhere in particular. "The Dry Rock," one of the best stories, concerns a hacky who, in trying to get the law to punish a man who gratuitously punched his nose, discovers that no one else thinks his self-respect worth time or trouble to restore. In only two instances does Shaw permit his characters to stand up for their dignity and to win. An Italian farmer in "Triumph of Justice" uses direct action in a courtroom in order to collect money owed him by a racketeer. "Pattern of Love," the most delicately done of the stories, portrays a youngster who maintains his inner strength and poise despite a beating by a bully who acknowledges defeat, by bursting into tears. Only in "Prize for Promise" does Shaw show anger. This story may be placed beside "Pattern of Love" as the



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best piece of writing in the collection. It is an acid memoir of the manner in which a Foundation to encourage young playwrights and thereby enrich the theater only insults and embitters the recipients of its largesse.

H. G.

## Underprivileged Children

EVERYONE'S CHILDREN, NOBODY'S CHILD, *by Justine Wise Polier, Children's Court Judge of the Domestic Relations Court of the City of New York. Scribner's. $2.75.*

JUDGE JUSTINE WISE POLIER has written a scholarly, challenging analysis of the inadequacies in the treatment of our vast army of neglected, homeless, parentless children. The subject is well worth the attention of a modern Dickens.

The author traces the evolution of paupers' institutions and treatment techniques since the early days of capitalism in England, when vagabondage was made a capital crime and thousands of homeless children were transported to the colonies and sold into indentured labor. Homeless and neglected children in our own country fared little better; throughout the ninteenth century many thousands were shipped into the labor-hungry West, by so-called welfare authorities, and handed over to families in need of "hands," with no further thought for their ultimate welfare.

Honest philanthropists and sturdy-minded pioneers in welfare work struggled throughout the last century, seeking to overcome the maudlin attitude of certain sectarian charity-mongers and the calculated brutalities of punitive institutions, to bring public responsibility to bear on the situation. It was inevitable that voluntary and disorganized charity should in some measure give way to professional organization and enlightened treatment, particularly since the growing complexity of modern society and its problems led to social thinking and new social techniques. But the battle is by no means won, even in regard to the most obvious ameliorative measures.

Even in enlightened New York there exists no state institution for neglected children; no boarding-out agencies are run by state or city authorities. Judges are compelled to refer homeless, neglected, and pre-delinquent children to one of the innumerable private or sectarian agencies, which present a maze that baffles even trained social workers. Some of these agencies are run on a basis of sectarian exclusiveness. Some exclude children of minority peoples. Many of them exclude Negro children. Negroes, as usual, fare less well than white children. For lack of foster homes, neglected Negro children are sent to institutions for delinquents.

The book is intelligently organized, based on thorough research, well documented, and has a list of references, a comprehensive bibliography and index. It contains plenty of ammunition that laymen as well as trained social workers can use in the battle on behalf of underprivileged children—the battle for the future of all children.

ROBERT GRAHAM.


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# HOW JAZZ HAPPENED

***James Dugan greets a new work on hot discography. Musical history not in the groove. Remembering the forgotten Scott Joplin and his Negro opera.***

OF ALL the books on jazz this one is the best. The same authors a couple of years ago brought out *Jazzmen,* which was the first valid record of American jazz music with an emphasis on the great players and styles. Now comes *The Jazz Record Book** which is built around a listing of more than 1,000 standard records with critical notes on each performance. Unlike Charles Delauney's remarkable *Hot Discography,* the new book is concerned with records that are easily obtainable, not obscure collectors' items. The valuable reissues of the Hot Record Society, the United Hot Clubs of America, as well as Victor and Columbia, have made it possible for the collector to buy nice clean copies of the most outstanding records in jazz history, something impossible when Robert Goffin, Delauney, and Hugues Panassie wrote the first books on American jazz.

I have a standard beef against writing on jazz because it has lacked mature critical standards and above all a social understanding of the music of the American Negro. I think the key to a study of jazz is that it cannot be understood except as part of the struggle for self-determination of the American Negro. You can appreciate jazz without knowing anything about it as certain of the European writers have proved; but you can't answer—why jazz? The writers of the new book show a sturdy appreciation of this fact when they open up intriguing references to Scott Joplin, a highly gifted and sensitive ragtime composer of fifty years ago, who wrote a complete Negro opera in folktune form, but whose contribution has been sadly neglected. Joplin was a mature musician and very much of a modern Negro artist in his reliance on the real Negro for his material. The writers also deemphasize the absurd exaggeration of improvisation. Jazz is one of the boldest improvisatory forms in the history of music, but it is not entirely Pee Wee Russell playing something new at the inspiration of the moment. It has a definite mode, and its finest performances have a marked structure. Many times this formal aspect is fixed in the heads of the musicians, remembered and learned in many playings, instead of being taken from a score, and although every distinguished jazz record has plenty of extemporized content, particularly in solos and obbligatos, improvisation is too slender a characteristic to explain it.

The first 100 pages of historical introduction are therefore an important departure in jazz writing. The generous inclusion of Leadbelly, for instance, who as far as I know has never been recognized as a part of jazz, shows the deepening appreciation for the Negro folk qualities of jazz. Some day the authors must do another book with a thesis —that jazz is what it is because it has been the main creative aspiration of the American Negro. It is exciting to add that the musical language of the Negro has become a national music, no longer one of a racial minority. There are all kinds of degenerative influences in the picture of contemporary jazz; Tin Pan Alley and jukebox commercialism and utter neglect of many artists who still speak the golden tongue of early Negro jazz.

But the book is handsome evidence that the music is imperishable. No other kind of music had the staggering good fortune to go spinning down the years in its exact listenable form. The Elizabethan madrigal was another hot extemporized music, which one musicologist refers to with a straight face as "having a pronounced swing." But it lasted only thirty years and vanished quicker than the lads in Mermaid tavern. Today a staid suburban musical society will put on an evening of stiff madrigals; but we cannot hear the riffs from the haut-boys or the lutist in the groove. Ah, but in a hundred years Louis will still be playing *Mahogany Hall Stomp* and Jelly Roll will sit down to the piano and play and tell us about *Mamie's Blues.*

I was in a joint one night last week with an RAF combat pilot. When he heard the Golden Gates sing, we saw Europe start in wonder at America's music. Harry Lim, the hot jazz critic of Batavia, Netherlands East Indies, nodded smugly and tapped his foot. When it was over, the flier jotted down the information on where he could get Golden Gate records. "You know," he said, "I am to drive an empty bomber over to Britain and I might as well load up the back with records."

So load up on this *Jazz Record Book.*

JAMES DUGAN.

* THE JAZZ RECORD BOOK, *by Charles Edward Smith with Frederic Ramsey Jr., William Russell, and Charles Payne Rogers. Smith & Durrell. $3.50.*

## Superb Screen Satire

***Nunnally Johnson's film of the fantastic twenties.***

WE NEVER expected to feel nostalgic about the Roaring Twenties, the Jazz Age, the bathtub gin and the flapper. And yet . . . do you remember when newspaper scare headlines just meant that some redhead had Socked Spouse With Sashweight? Skirts and the stock market and crime were going up; so were Lindbergh and a lot of other things that have had to come down since. In *Roxie Hart* Nunnally Johnson gives us the fantastic twenties at their funniest. We look at them with a sort of meditative wonder, as at the reconstructed skeleton of a dinosaur.

The peculiar originality of *Roxie Hart* lies in just this point of view. There have been other satirical farces, though few as lively and as subtle. Almost always in the films, however, the composite personality of author-director-cameraman identifies itself romantically with the screen characters; sympathizes with the heroine, shudders at the villain, rises to burning indignation or sinks in sorrow with its manipulations of the plot. The composite creator of *Roxie Hart* (about nine-tenths Nunnally Johnson) remains a detached and humorous observer, recording the absurdities of the twenties much as Dickens recorded his Victorian grotesques. The result is of course not profound and moving as Mr. Johnson's magnificent *The Grapes of Wrath* script was; it does not try to be. *Roxie Hart* tries to be— *Roxie Hart* succeeds in being—a biting comedy of manners in a style quite new to the movies. You do not love or hate its people, you do not judge them morally; you just laugh. How you laugh!

There is social criticism in the film's study of a publicity-mad, cynically criminal Chicago. As satire, however, *Roxie Hart* must observe the symptoms rather than analyze the disease. So we meet Roxie, a gum-chewing, raucous, mercenary, and sexy little lady, as she confesses to a murder she hasn't committed in order to get her picture into the papers and her legs into musical comedy. We see a newspaperman fake the confession for the sake of a story; a lawyer collaborate for the sake of publicity—and his fee. We are treated to courtroom scenes so fiercely honest in their debunking of our courts that they would be horrible if they weren't so irresistibly funny. The tear-jerking defense attorney, the swooning, tearful defendant with her crossed legs, the flashlight pictures every five minutes, the nation-wide radio hook-up—all these did not vanish with the twenties. We recognize the dignified judge, every inch a southern gentleman, who springs from his chair to get in on every flashlight picture; while the handsome D. A. with his neat little D. A.'s mustache does some very pretty broken-field running for the same purpose. We have seen their faces.

The film's direction never misses an opportunity to heighten these satiric effects. The



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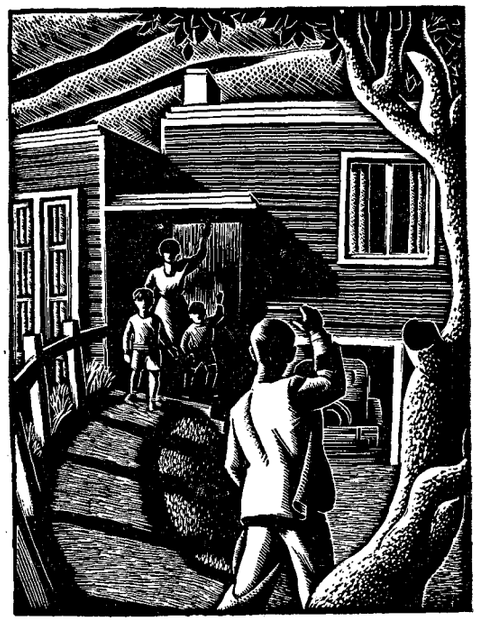
introductory screen credits with their comic backgrounds, the touching little dedication, the wistful opening scenes in a 1942 barroom as a reporter recalls the days of Roxie Hart, combine to strike the fantastic note of the period instantly. Similarly there is a touch of screwy unreality in the photography and in the material itself. The jailbirds and reporters break into the Black Bottom; Roxie and another murderess tangle in a cat fight and make real alley-cat noises. The dialogue, though sharp and crisp, is stylized subtly, just far enough away from realistic speech to add to the atmosphere without sounding unnatural. Brilliant use has been made of understatement and suggestion, too; the actors begin gestures which the spectator's mind completes; you are never told anything which you can guess. The film respects the intelligence of its audience, and is thus enabled never to waste a moment. Perhaps the cutting room, an essential part of film-making too often overlooked in reviews, deserves special credit for the smoothness and suspense of *Roxie Hart.*

It would be unfair not to add that this is as much Ginger Rogers' film as Nunnally Johnson's. Miss Rogers studies Roxie as objectively as the film demands, plays her without a single false appeal to sympathy or tricky use of charm. The blend of phony and genuine, of innocence and vulgarity which makes Roxie's personality is superbly analyzed. Such supporting players as Sara Allgood, Lynne Overman, Adolphe Menjou, and William Frawley are equally in tune; so is the delightful score. Indeed, there aren't any false notes in *Roxie Hart;* it is that rare thing among movies, a completely thought-out and worked-out production.

IT WAS an inspiration to combine the French *Crime and Punishment* with the German *Brothers Karamazov* in one program, as the Fifth Avenue Playhouse has done. These two Dostoievsky films are pre-Hitler and magnificent, the French, however, being noticeably the better of the two. It has a unity and logic which the German film lacks, both in the development of its plot and in technique—it is far more smoothly directed and cut than *The Brothers Karamazov.* Nor has it sacrificed the agonizing and morbid intensities of Raskolnikov's struggle with himself and his crime; all the insight which Josef von Sternberg's Hollywood version of *Crime and Punishment* so conspicuously lacked is here, in the acting of Pierre Blanchar as Raskolnikov and, even more, of Harry Baur as the Inspector.

Perhaps the German film suffers in unity, by comparison, partly because *The Brothers Karamazov,* as a novel, is more diffuse and enormous in plot than the other Dostoievsky work; there is more of it than one can possibly get into a film. Even so, the movie is heavy-handed at times, badly put together, and far from clear. Yet the essential meanings of the characters are there, especially in Fritz Kortner's portrayal of Dmitri, though this is a little more romantic and sympathetic than the novel intends. What most distinguishes these two films, indeed, is the pervading personality of Dostoievsky, which comes through differences of language, of acting style, of camera style, to make both films profound and dramatic comments on human character.

JOY DAVIDMAN.



Woodcut from Giacomo Patri's "White Collar"

# Two of Those Things

***"Guest in the House" and "Plan M."... Incredible proceedings.***

WHEN the action of a play depends completely upon the facts that, (1) the leading character has heart disease, and (2) that same character is afflicted by a mortal terror of birds, it is possible to venture certain judgments and predictions. In the case of *Guest in the House,* which was written by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson, the judgment is that the play is completely contrived; the predictions of the outcome are realized before the end of the first scene of the first act.

The authors have here attempted to work out an impossible situation. Artist Douglas Proctor and his wife take into their home their heart-afflicted young relative, Evelyn Heath. When this young lady comes on stage, the audience knows exactly what is going to happen, though apparently the Proctors do not. She is going to enslave the household completely, the child daughter, the servants, the neighborhood. She is going to cause a scandal, nearly wreck the marriage and reputation of the artist, and the life of the artist's younger brother. But she is not going to get away with it, because there is wise old Aunt Martha Proctor, who was on to her from the start, even though the Proctors were not. And somewhere or other, the bird which Evelyn Heath mortally fears is going to appear again. It does, and Evelyn conveniently dies of a heart attack!

The attempt is made to examine the nature of a destructive, pathological personality, and its effects on normal human beings. It would have been an honorable attempt if the destructive, pathological personality had some relation to the world of human beings, and we knew—even in part—how she got that way. We don't. It might be that she inherited a tendency to heart disease, but how in the name of Freud or historical necessity did she come to be afraid of birds? No one tells us.

*Guest in the House,* as other critics have already pointed out, has borrowed certain ideas from at least two plays by Lillian Hellman—*The Children's Hour* and *The Little Foxes.* There all resemblance ends, and the authors bear sole responsibility for the mishmash that ensues. (And it is laughable in the most outlandish places.)

As the harassed artist and his wife, Leon Ames and Louise Campbell do their best to make the proceedings credible. Little Joan

*A water color painting by the Russian artist B. M. Konachevnya*



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Spencer is a charming and unaffected child actress. Aunt Martha, played by Katherine Emmet, has dignity and matronly stability, and Frieda Altman as a tabloid sob sister is close to the reality of such a character. It is impossible, however, to concur in the exaggerated praise accorded Mary Anderson, who plays the young pathological specimen. Miss Anderson accomplishes nothing that could not be accomplished as well by any sincere and uninspired graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

The set by Raymond Sovey is good enough to live in. But it is strangely uninhabited by human beings.

"PLAN M" was written by a Hollywood screen writer. It looks that way. Which isn't meant to promulgate the idea that a Hollywood screen writer might not write a good stage play, but only to indicate that in its concept, design, and execution, the new melodrama is of a piece with some of Hollywood's very worst thriller-dillers.

The idea is that Nazi spies, who have apparently been preparing this scheme for many years, successfully capture, poison, and supplant the British chief-of-operations, and substitute for *Plan M* (a counter-invasion plan) their own plot, calculated to ensure the success of the Nazi invasion of Britain.

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More unlikely, however, is the way the author of *Plan M* has disposed his characters and made them achieve (if only for a day) impossibilities—both in time and space and on the stage.

An award, *Pour le Merite,* should go to Len Doyle for a creditable performance as a Nazi impostor. The balance of the cast (with the exception of Joanna Duncan) was pretty sad but nowhere nearly so sad as *Plan M* itself.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Reinhardt

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# GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Sender Garlin, Daily Worker columnist, Sun., March 8th, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St.

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## March

6—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings Forum, Benjamin Appel "The Way Home," Dorothy Brewster, Meridel Le Seuer, prominent trade unionist, commentators, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

7—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, Applied Scientist in Defense, Prof. Behre, Columbia. Dr. Rautenstrauch, Columbia, Chairman, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., at 12:30 P.M.

7-28—School for Democracy, Individual Lectures, 7 & 8:40 P.M., Guest Lecturers, 13 Astor Pl., N. Y. C.

8—Joint aus. I.L.D. and League of Amer. Writers, Manuscript and book sale, benefit Oklahoma Book Trials, Hotel Piccadilly, 2 P.M.

8—Party and inaugural celebration for the new Negro Quarterly, Angelo Herndon and others, 13 Gramercy Park, 4 P.M.

8—West Side Citizens Comm. to Free Earl Browder, Free Earl Browder Rally, Almanac Singers, Mordecai Baumann, prominent speakers, Broadway Community Center, 550 West 110th St., 8 P.M.

8, 15, 22—Theatre Dance Company, New Series of Dance Recitals, direction of Benjamin Zemach, 430 6th Ave.

10, 11—Dance Observer two day recital, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, William Bales and groups, Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16th St.

13—New Masses, Interpretation Please No. 6, Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St., 8:15 P.M.

13—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings. Alfred Kantorowicz, Book dealing with diaries of Internat'l Brigade and Underground Movement in Nazi Territories, Wolff, Bessie, Slochower, commentators, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

13—West Side I.W.O. Forum, Joseph Starobin, Events in Review, 220 West 80th St., 9 P.M.

21—N. Y. Comm. to aid Southern Negro Youth Congress, Victory Benefit Ball, Earl Hines and orchestra.

21—American Advertising Guild, "Allied Hope," program of folk dances, Malin Studios, 135 W. 44 St.

28—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

29—Annual I.W.O. Pageant and Dance, Paul Robeson, Guest Artist, Manhattan Center, 7:30 P.M.

## April

1—Committe on African Affairs, Paul Robeson, Dr. Max Yergan, others, Manhattan Center.

6—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening—ACA Gallery.

12—NEW MASSES Lincoln Steffens tribute memorial meeting, prominent artists, and speakers, Manhttan Center, 2 P.M.

25—Peter V. Caccione Association of Bklyn., 1st annual ball, program, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

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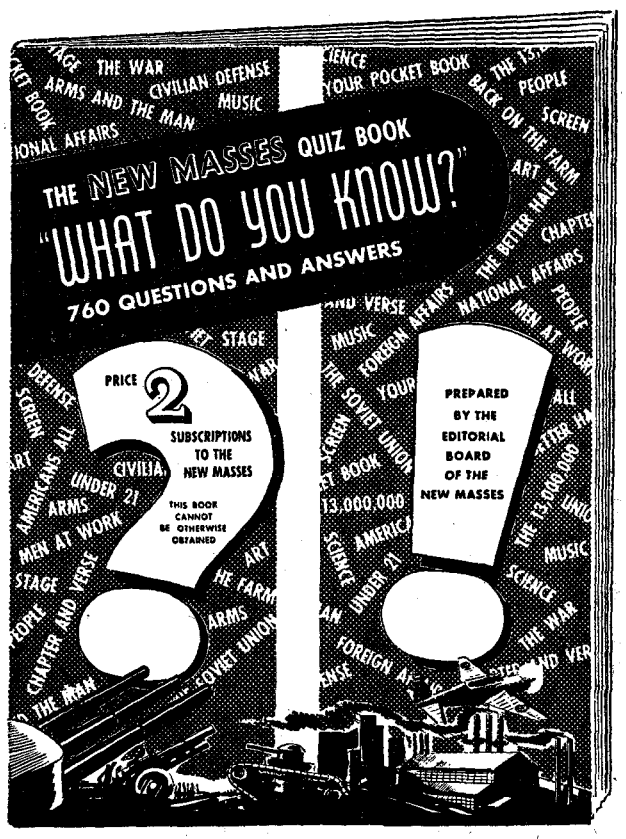
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